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ΙΧΘΥΣ

CHRIST IN SONG.

Hymns of Immanuel:

SELECTED FROM ALL AGES, WITH NOTES,

BY

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

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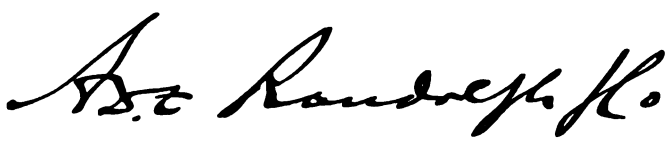

CHRISTO SACRUM.

Χριστὸς τὰ πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν.

Thro' life and death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
Christ shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER: TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER! AMEN.

CHRIST IN SONG.

CHRIST IN US.

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CHRIST IN SONG.

THE LOVE AND LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

"I AM the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."— JOHN X. 11.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us."— 1 JOHN iii. 16.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, — to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." — REV. i. 5, 6.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, who didst so love the world as to give Thine only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life: mercifully grant unto us, we beseech Thee, that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, so that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

"JESU, dulcedo cordium,
Fons veri, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere."

ST. BERNARD.

THE LOVE AND LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

JESU, NAME ALL NAMES ABOVE.

(Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε.)

From the Greek of THEOCTISTUS OF THE STUDIUM, about A.D. 890. A canto from his "Suppliant Canon to Jesus," the only thing known of him. Translated by Dr. J. M. NEALE, of Sackville College, 1862.

JESU, name all names above,
Jesu, best and dearest,
Jesu, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest!
Jesu, source of grace completest,
Jesu truest, Jesu sweetest,
Jesu, Well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

Jesu, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who in his last dying state
Wholly on Thee ventured.

Thou whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
  From my misery let me rise
  To a home in Paradise!

Thou didst call the prodigal;
  Thou didst pardon Mary:
Thou whose words can never fall,
  Love can never vary,
Lord, amidst my lost condition
Give — for Thou canst give — contrition!
  Thou can'st pardon all mine ill:
  If Thou wilt, O say, "I will"!

Woe, that I have turned aside
  After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried
  For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in homes supernal;
Incorruptible, eternal!
  Treasure no less price hath won
  Than the Passion of the Son!

Jesu, crowned with thorns for me,
  Scourged for my transgression!
Witnessing, through agony,
  That Thy good confession;
Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment;
  Let not all Thy woe and pain,
  Let not Calvary be in vain!

When I reach Death's bitter sea,
  And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
  As the storm draws nigher:
Jesu, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
  Tell me,—"Verily, I say,
  Thou shalt be with me to-day!"

JESU! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

(*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*)

"Jubilus rhythmicus de nomine Jesu," the sweetest and most evangelical (as the *Dies Iræ* is the grandest, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic) hymn of the middle ages, though somewhat monotonous, and wanting in progress, by ST. BERNARD, of Clairvaux (called "Doctor mellifluus," flowing with honey), d. 1153. The original has 192 or 200 lines, in the *Works* of BERNARD, ed. Mabillon, 1719, vol. ii. pp. 914, *seq.* (forty-eight quatrains); DANIEL, I. pp. 227–230; WACKERNAGEL, I. pp. 117–120 (fifty quatrains). TRENCH, p. 246, gives a selection of fifteen quatrains, with the remark, "Where all was beautiful, the task of selection was a hard one." The Roman Breviary has abridged and divided the hymn into three distinct hymns (*Jesu, dulcis memoria; Jesu, Rex admirabilis;* and *Jesu, decus angelicum*), which are here given in the smooth translation of E. CASWALL (from the *Lyra Catholica*). The first part has also been translated by NEALE (*Hymnal Noted:* "Jesu! the very thought is sweet"), R. PALMER ("Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!"), J. W. ALEXANDER ("Jesus, how sweet Thy memory is!"), Mrs. CHARLES ("O Jesus! Thy sweet memory"), and others, and into German by MÖLLER, ZINZENDORF, SAILER, KÖNIGSFELD, &c. (see SCHAFF'S *Literature and Poetry*, pp. 232–255).

I.

(*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*)

JESU! the very thought of Thee
  With sweetness fills my breast;

But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.[1]

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shalt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

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[1] CASWALL has taken the liberty of making two fine stanzas out of the third, which reads in Latin: —

"Jesu, spes pœnitentibus
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus Te quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?"

The *Hymnal Noted* renders this verse more faithfully thus: —

"Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?"

II.

(*Jesu, Rex admirabilis.*)

O JESU! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:

May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

III.

(*Jesu, decus angelicum.*)

O Jesu! Thou the beauty art
  Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
  Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
  Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
  Which nought but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu! hear the sighs
  Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
  My being's hope and end!

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
  Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
  And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu! spotless virgin-flower!
  Our love and joy! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
  Through all eternity.

JESUS, HOW SWEET THY MEMORY IS!

Another version, in part, of ST BERNARD's "Jesu, dulcis memoria," by Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER (d. 1859), first published in SCHAFF's *Kirchenfreund*, for April, 1849.

JESUS, how sweet Thy memory is!
Thinking of Thee is truest bliss;
Beyond all honeyed sweets below
Thy presence is it here to know.

Tongue cannot speak a lovelier word,
Nought more melodious can be heard,
Nought sweeter can be thought upon,
Than Jesus Christ, God's only Son.

Jesus, Thou hope of those who turn,
Gentle to those who pray and mourn,
Ever to those who seek Thee, kind, —
What must Thou be to those who find!

Jesus, Thou dost true pleasures bring,
Light of the heart, and living spring;
Higher than highest pleasures roll,
Or warmest wishes of the soul.

Lord in our bosoms ever dwell,
And of our souls the night dispel,
Pour on our inmost mind the ray,
And fill our earth with blissful day.

If Thou dost enter to the heart,
Then shines the truth in every part;
All worldly vanities grow vile,
And charity burns bright the while.

This love of Jesus is most sweet,
This laud of Jesus is most meet,
Thousand and thousand times more dear,
Than tongue of man can utter here.

Praise Jesus, all with one accord,
Crave Jesus, all, your love and Lord,
Seek Jesus, warmly, all below,
And seeking into rapture glow!

Thou art of heavenly grace the fount,
Thou art the true Sun of God's mount,
Scatter the saddening cloud of night!
And pour upon us glorious light!

HEART OF CHRIST MY KING!

(*Summi regis cor, aveto.*)

One of the seven passion-hymns of ST. BERNARD (compare pp. 162 and 175), addressed to the heart of Christ ("Ad Cor Christi"); faithfully translated (for the first time, I believe) by the Rev. Dr. E. A. WASHBURN, of New York, June, 1865. Contributed. See the Latin in BERNARD's *Works*, and in DANIEL, IV. p. 227; WACKERNAGEL, I. p. 123.

HEART of Christ my King! I greet Thee:
Gladly goes my heart to meet Thee;
To embrace Thee now it burneth,

And with eager thirst it yearneth,
Spirit blest, to talk with Thee.
Oh! what love divine compelling!
With what grief Thy breast was swelling!
All Thy soul for us o'erflowing,
All Thy life on us bestowing,
Sinful men from death to free!

Oh, that death! in bitter anguish,
Cruel, pitiless to languish!
To the inmost cell it entered,
Where the life of man was centred,
Gnawing Thy sweet heartstrings there.
For that death which Thou hast tasted,
For that form by sorrow wasted,
Heart to my heart ever nearest,
Kindle in me love the dearest;
This, O Lord, is all my prayer.

O sweet Heart! my choicest blessing,
Cleanse my heart, its sin confessing;
Hardened in its worldly folly,
Make it soft again, and holy,
Melting all its icy ground.
To my heart's core come, and quicken
Me a sinner, conscience-stricken;
Be Thy grace my soul renewing,
All its powers to Thee subduing,
Languishing with love's sweet wound.

Open flower, with blossom fairest,
As a rose of fragrance rarest;
Knit to Thee mine inmost feeling;
Pierce, then pour the oil of healing;
What to love of Thee is pain?
Naught he fears, whom Thy love calleth,
No self-sacrifice appalleth;
Love divine can have no measure,
Every death to him is pleasure,
Where such holy love doth reign.

Cries my heart with living voices:
In Thee, heart of Christ, rejoices;
Draw Thou nigh with gracious motion,
Knit it, till in full devotion
Thou its every power employ.
Love be all my life; no slumber
E'er my drowsy thought incumber;
To Thee praying, Thee imploring,
Thee aye praising, Thee adoring,
Thee my sempiternal joy!

Heart Rose, in thy fulness blossom,
Shed Thy perfume o'er my bosom;
Be Thy beauty in me growing;
Light the fires for ever glowing
On the altar of my heart.
Aid me, Thy dear image wearing,
E'en Thy wounds, my Jesu, sharing,

Till Thy very form I borrow,
When my bosom feels Thy sorrow,
  Piercing with its keenest dart.

To Thy holy heart, oh, take me!
Thy companion, Jesu, make me,
In that sorrow joy exceeding,
In that beauty scarred and bleeding,
  Till my heart be wholly Thine.
Rest, my soul! now naught shall sever;
After Thee it follows ever;
Here its thirst finds glad fulfilling;
Jesu! be Thou not unwilling,
  Take this loving heart of mine!

FAIREST LORD JESUS.

(*Schönster Herr Jesu.*)

From an old German hymn of the 12th century (see WICHERN'S Collection of popular songs for his "Rough House," near Hamburg, entitled: *Unsere Lieder*, No. 207; and SCHAFF'S *German S. S. Hymn-Book*, No. 44), which was sung by the Crusaders, and then forgotten, until it was recently brought to light again, and soon acquired a new popularity.

FAIREST Lord Jesus,
  Ruler of nature!
Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son!—
  Thee will I cherish,
  Thee will I honor;
Thee, my delight and my glory and crown!

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.

Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer the sunlight,
Than all the starry, celestial host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels that heaven can boast.

O LOVE, WHO FORMEDST ME.

(*Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.*)

From the German of JOHANN SCHEFFLER, called ANGELUS SILESIUS, 1657. Translated by C. WINKWORTH (SCHAFF's *G. H. B.*, No. 312). Another version, by JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI (1722): "Lord, Thine image Thou hast lent me."

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who e'er life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe:
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who thus hath bound me fast,
Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine;
Love, who hast conquered me at last
And rapt away this heart of mine;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;

O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
  Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
  From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
  Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

ONE THING'S NEEDFUL.

(*Eins ist noth: ach Herr, diess Eine.*)

JOHANN HEINRICH SCHRÖDER, 1697. Based on Luke x. 38–42 ("One thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part"); 1 Cor. i. 30 ("Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption"). One of the most popular German hymns (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 314). This translation, by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX (*Sacred Hymns from the German*, Lond. 1841, p. 137), strictly preserves the metre of the original, and is more faithful than that of Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH: "One thing is needful! Let me deem" (*Lyra Germ.*, I. 183).

ONE thing's needful: then, Lord Jesus,
  Keep this one thing in my mind;
All beside, though first it please us,
  Soon a grievous yoke we find.
Beneath it, the heart is still fretting and striving;
No true, lasting happiness ever deriving:

The gain of this one thing all loss can req uite,
And teach me in all things to find some delight.

Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee?
Seek it in no earthly end;
Leave all Nature far behind thee,
High above the world ascend:
For, where God and man both in one are united.
With God's perfect fulness the heart is delighted;
There, there, is the worthiest lot and the best,
My one and my all, and my joy and my rest.

How were Mary's thoughts devoted,
Her eternal joy to find,
As intent each word she noted,
At her Saviour's feet reclined!
How kindled her heart, how devout was its feeling,
While hearing the lessons that Christ was revealing!
For Jesus all earthly concerns she forgot,
And all was repaid in that one happy lot.

Thus my longings, heavenward tending,
Jesu, rest alone on Thee:
Help me, thus on Thee depending,
Saviour! come and dwell in me.
Although all the world should forsake and forget Thee,
In love I will follow Thee, ne'er will I quit Thee;
For, Jesus, both spirit and life is Thy word;
And is there a joy which Thou dost not afford?

Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure,
Jesu! lies concealed in Thee;
Grant that this may still the measure
Of my will and actions be.
Humility there, and simplicity, reigning,
My steps shall in wisdom for ever be training;
Oh! if I of Christ have this knowledge divine,
The fulness of heavenly *wisdom* is mine.[1]

Christ, Thou art the sole oblation
That I'll bring before my God:
In his sight, I've acceptation
Only through Thy streaming blood.
Immaculate *righteousness* now I've acquired,
Since Thou on the tree of the Cross hast expired:
The robe of Salvation for ever is mine;
In this shall my faith through eternity shine.

Let my soul, in full exemption,
Wake up in Thy likeness now:
Thou art made to me redemption,
My *sanctification* Thou.
What though, all through life, in good works I had striven,
For Thy sake alone my reward should be given:

---

[1] The last two lines are often quoted in German devotional books: —

"*Wenn ich nur Jesum recht kenne und weiss,*
So hab ich der Weisheit vollkommenen Preis."

Oh, let me all perishing pleasures forego,
And Thy life, O Jesus! alone let me know!

Where should else my hopes be centred?
Grace o'erwhelms me with its flood;
Thou, my Saviour, once hast entered
Holiest heaven through Thy blood.
Eternal *redemption* for sinners there finding,
From hell's dark dominion my spirit unbinding,
To me perfect freedom Thy entrance has brought,
And childlike to cry, "Abba, Father," I'm taught.

Christ Himself, my Shepherd, feeds me;
Peace and joy my spirit fill:
In a pasture green, He leads me
Forth beside the waters still.
Oh! nought to my soul is so sweet and reviving,
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living:
True happiness this, and this only supplies,
Through faith on my Saviour, to fasten mine eyes.

Therefore, Jesus, my Salvation,
Thou my One, my All, shalt be!
Prove my fixed determination,
Root out all hypocrisy.
Look well if on sin's slippery paths I am hasting,
And lead me, O Lord! in the way everlasting:
This one thing is needful, all others are vain;
I count all but loss that I Christ may obtain.

DEAREST OF ALL THE NAMES ABOVE.

By Isaac Watts, D.D.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terror to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746. From *Hymns for those that seek, and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 5th ed., 1756.

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away the love of sinning;[1]
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;

[1] Others read, less aptly: "our *power* of sinning."

Suddenly return, and never,
  Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve Thee as Thy host above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
  Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
  Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
  Perfectly secured by Thee, —
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place, —
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HOW WONDROUS ARE THE WORKS OF GOD!

JOSEPH HART, an Independent minister; b. in London, 1712; d. 1768. He published a *Hymn-Book*, 1759, with an account of his former sinful life, and the blessed change wrought by the grace of God in his heart.

HOW wondrous are the works of God,
  Displayed through all the world abroad!
Immensely great, immensely small,
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

He formed the sun, fair fount of light,
The moon and stars, to rule the night;
But night and stars and moon and sun
Are little works compared with one.

He rolled the seas, and spread the skies;
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows clothed with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas or skies or hills,
Or verdant vales or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!

'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess.
Angels, that hymn the great *I Am*,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

The highest heavens are short of this;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty God sighed human breath;
The Lord of life experienced death;
How it was done, we can't discuss.
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

Blest with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise;
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, — they must be short;
We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*
The greatest glories God can show.

THE SAVIOUR! O, WHAT CHARMS!

Miss ANNE STEELE, daughter of a Baptist clergyman in Eng'and, 1716–1778. The following hymn, which, in this abridged form, has received wide currency, is a mere extract (verses 2, 3, 8, 37, 39) from a hymn on the life of Christ, in thirty-nine stanzas, which I would prefer giving in full if it were not too long. It begins: —

"Come, Heavenly Dove, inspire my song
With Thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name."

THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

The almighty Former of the skies
  Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
  And hailed the incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
  Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
  I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relies;
  Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
  My Saviour, and my All.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.

"Lovest thou Me?"—*John* xxi. 16. By WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800). *Olney Hymns*, No. 118.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
  'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes: she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS!

The Rev. JOHN NEWTON, d. 1807. *Olney Hymns*, 1779, No. 57. One of the best hymns in the English language.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband,[1] Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

[1] Many hymn-books substitute "Guardian" for "Husband."

ONE THERE IS, ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—*Prov.* xviii. 24. By the Rev JOHN NEWTON, 1779 (*Olney Hymns*, No. 53).

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom He redeemed with groans.

When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., of Kelso. First Series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope* "Lost, but found." 1857.

"Arte miră, miro consilio,
Quærens ovem suam summus opilio,
Ut nos revocaret ab exilio."
OLD HYMN.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,—
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,—
I love, I love His home!

JESUS, HOW MUCH THY NAME UNFOLDS!

Mrs. Mary Peters; d. 1856, at Clifton, England.

JESUS, how much Thy name unfolds
To every opened ear!
The pardoned sinner's memory holds
None other half so dear.

"Jesus!"—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As His atoning blood.

Jesus, the one who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just,
Worthy art Thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust.

Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.

The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee:
The chiefest of ten thousand, Thou;
The chief of sinners, we.

STILL ON THY LOVING HEART.

(*Still an Deinem liebevollen Herzen.*)

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA (*Psaltery and Harp*, 1833). "Comfort in Jesus' Love." Translated by R. MASSIE (*Lyra Dom.*, 1860).

STILL on Thy loving heart let me repose,
Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and rest;
O let me pour my sorrows, cares, and woes,
Into Thy true and sympathizing breast!

Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame
  Seems every day more strong and bright to glow:
Thy truth remains eternally the same,
  Pure and unsullied as the mountain snow.

O what is other love compared with Thine,
  Of such high value, such eternal worth!
What is man's love compared with love divine,
  Which never changes in this changing earth, —
Love, which in this cold world grows never cold;
  Love, which decays not with the world's decay;
Love, which is young when all things else grow old,
  Which lives when heaven and earth shall pass away?

How little love unchangeable and fixed
  In this dark valley doth to man remain!
With what unworthy motive is it mixed!
  How full of grief, uncertainty, and pain!
Love is the object which attracts all eyes:
  We win it, and already fear to part:
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize,
  And tear the precious idol from our heart.

But Thou, in spite of our offences past,
  And those, alas! which still in us are found,
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,
  No span can reach it, and no plummet sound.

Though the poor love we give Thee in return
  Should be extinguished, Thine is ever true;
Its vestal fire eternally doth burn,
  Though everlasting, always fresh and new.

Thou, who art ever ready to embrace
  All those who truly after Thee inquire;
Thou who hast promised in Thy heart a place
  To all who love Thee, and a place desire,—
O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,
  And, dim with tears, mine eyes can hardly see,
O let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,
  Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee!

OUR LOT IS FALLEN.

(*Ein lieblich Loos ist uns gefallen.*)

"The Happy Lot." From the German of SPITTA, 1833. Trsl. by MASSIE, 1860.

OUR lot is fall'n in pleasant places,
  A goodly heritage is ours:
To Him, whence come all gifts and graces,
  Let us give praise with all our powers;
He chooses us of His free grace,
And makes us His peculiar race.

He undertook our souls' salvation,
  Our sad condition moved him so;
And came to us, from pure compassion,
  To raise us from our depths of woe:
O wonderful, surpassing love,
Which brought Him to us from above!

He saw in us no real beauty,
  No virtue, nor intrinsic worth:
Not one there was that did his duty,
  For all were sinners from their birth;
Nor was there one, in such distress,
Who could our misery redress.

Then, moved at heart with deep compassion,
  The Lord stretched out His arm to save;
And His own life for our salvation,
  And therewith all things, freely gave, —
Adoption, sonship, and with this
A whole eternity of bliss.

O Lord of goodness so amazing,
  Not one is worthy, no! not one;
We stand in shame and wonder gazing
  At the great things which Thou hast done:
Thy crowning grace and precious blood
Have reconciled us with our God

We feel quite certain of obtaining
  Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,

And wend our way, without complaining,
  Through dreary mist and barren land,
With heaven in view, where we shall be
Joined through eternity to Thee.

The lines are fall'n in pleasant places,
  A goodly heritage is ours;
And gladly would we share the graces
  Which God's great goodness richly showers:
We offer them alike to all
Who will obey the gracious call.

It grieves us sore when men refuse them,
  And treat our offers with disdain,
Or by neglect for ever lose them,
  And make the grace of God in vain:
All ye who thirst, come here and buy;
And Christ will all your wants supply.

BENEATH THE SHADOW.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, a Unitarian clergyman in Massachusetts; brother of the celebrated poet, Henry Wadsworth L.; published, in conjunction with the Rev. S Johnson, *A Book of Hymns*, 1846, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864.

BENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
  As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
  His blessed word of love.

O bond of union strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

JESUS' NAME SHALL EVER BE.

"The Blessed Name Jesus: an Evangelical Rosary." By the Rev. Dr. W. A MUHLENBERG, of New York, 1842. Revised by the author, Aug. 1868, for this Collection.

JESUS' name shall ever be
For my heart its Rosary.
I will tell it o'er and o'er,
Always dearer than before.

Ave Mary may not be
For my heart its Rosary;
Jesus, Saviour, all in all,—
Other name why should I call?

Morning hymns and evening lays,
Noontide prayer and midnight praise,
Heart and voice, and tune and time,
Jesus' name they all shall chime.

Ever new and fresh the strain;
Of all themes, the sweet refrain:
Time bring what it may along,
Jesus still the unchanging song.

Redolent with healing balm,
Pleasure's charm and trouble's calm;
All of Heaven my hope and claim,
Grace on grace in Jesus' name.

In my soul each deepest chord
Ring it out, One Saviour Lord;
Jesus, the eternal hymn
Forth from saint and seraphim.

Breathe it, then, my every breath;
Linger on my last in death;
Jesus — Rest in paradise;
Jesus — Glory in the skies!

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

Christ knocking at the door. By A. CLEVELAND COXE, b. 1818; Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Western New York (since 1865).

IN the silent midnight watches,
List, — thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!

Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let Me in!

Death comes down, with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not!

THERE IS NO LOVE LIKE JESUS' LOVE.

The Rev. W. E. Littlewood (1857), born 1831, died 1886.

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
  Filled with a tender lore:
Not a throb or throe our hearts can know
  But He suffered before.

There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
  Piercing far away:
Never out of the sight of its tender light
  Can the wanderer stray!

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus:
  Ah! how sweet its chime,
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring
  In the summer-time!

O might we listen that voice of Jesus!
  O might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest, in peace, on His breast,
  In the heavenly home!

SOULS OF MEN, WHY WILL YE SCATTER?

"Come to Jesus." By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.; b. 1814. From his *Hymns*, Lond. 1862, p. 289.

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
  Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
  From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
  Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
  Come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
  But is mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
  Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
  Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
  Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
  Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
  Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
  And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
  There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
  Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
  In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
  By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
  With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
  In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
  In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus:
  It is something more than all, —
Greater good because of evil,
  Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
  And, oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
  His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
  We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
  In the sweetness of our Lord.

I BORE WITH THEE.

"The Love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI From *Goblin Market and other Poems*, 1876 (Boston ed., pp. 81, 82). The best of her "Devotional Pieces," if not of all her poems.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared:
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost:
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on My shoulders, and rejoiced.
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands; thy name
  Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes:
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
  I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left;
  Six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
At length in death one smote My heart, and cleft
  A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
  More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom, — share My crown:
  A harvest, — come and reap.

LISTEN TO THE WONDROUS STORY.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER, daughter of Martin F. Tupper, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Contributed to ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, 1867. On John iii. 16.

LISTEN to the wondrous story,
  How, upon the Christmas morn,
Jesus left the realms of glory,
  As a little babe was born;
Left those bright and happy regions,
  Of His Father's home above,
And the glorious angel legions,
  In His great and boundless love!

Came into a lowly manger,
  Dwelt beneath a humble shed,
And, among His own a stranger,
  Knew not where to lay His head;
Went from city unto city,
  All His life was doing good,
Weeping o'er His friend with pity,
  When beside the grave He stood.

Love all human love exceeding
  Brought Him to a cruel death;
Even then, though hanging bleeding
  On the cross, His latest breath
Spent He for His murderers, praying
  To His Father to forgive;
To the thief repentant saying,
  "Thou in Paradise shalt live!"

Oh, what love in God the Father
  To bestow His only Son!
Oh, what love in Christ, who rather
  Than the world should be undone,
Came Himself to seek and save us,
  Came to claim us for His own;
Freely all our sins forgave us,
  Raised us to His glorious throne!

THERE WAS NO ANGEL.

The Divine Deliverer. John x. 30. By Mrs. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE, of Brooklyn, N.Y., April, 1868. Written for this Collection.

THERE was no angel 'midst the throng
  Which stood around the throne,
Who could God's justice satisfy,
  Or for man's sin atone.

Nor could Jehovah's love endure
  A messenger to send,
To bear the sinner's punishment,
  The guilty to befriend.

Not e'en the bursting floods of wrath
  Could quench the flames of love,
Which shining hid the flashing sword
  The law unsheathed above.

The gracious Father spoke a word
  Into His dear Son's ear,
Which, echoing o'er the trembling earth,
  Dismissed our anxious fear.

And, when the weary ages passed,
  God to the world appeared;
And in the Babe of Bethlehem
  His glory was ensphered.

No creature whom His hand had made,
Came with that word of hope;
Nor was a creature's strength required
With Satan's power to cope.

For God Himself in Mary's Son
Brought grace and truth to light,
And in the face of Jesus Christ
We read His love aright.

Jesus, Thou art my Lord, my God,
Kneeling I bow to Thee;
For on Thy brow, though bruised with thorns,
A crown divine I see.

And I can trust the mighty work
Which must be done for me,
To those dear hands of love and power,
Now fastened to the tree.

If Thou wert less than one divine,
My soul would be dismayed;
But through Thy human lips God speaks,—
"'Tis I, be not afraid."

Yet, bruised and bleeding on the cross,
I see Thy form divine;
And, though upon the accursed tree,
I joy to call Thee mine.

The sword which should have pierced my life
  Has entered Thy dear breast,
And in God's faithfulness to Thee
  My trusting heart shall rest.

Death and the tomb no power had
  To hide Thy glory, Lord;
For Thou didst rise 'midst heavenly hosts,
  By whom Thou wert adored.

And after men were comforted
  By sight of Thee again,
Thou didst ascend to God's right hand,
  Their greater good to gain.

Thou wilt not leave my soul alone,
  To struggle to Thy side,
But in my spirit's helplessness
  Shall strength divine abide.

And, when I stand on Jordan's waves,
  Thou shalt my weakness hold,
Until at last my weary feet
  Shall walk the streets of gold.

There, in that cloudless light serene,
  Before the shining throne
I'll worship at the feet of Him
  Who did for me atone.

CHRIST OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

"COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — MATT. xi. 28.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe, and are sure, that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." — JOHN vi. 68, 69.

O BLESSED JESUS! who dost invite all that labor and are heavy laden to come unto Thee, that they may find rest for their souls: mercifully enable us, we beseech Thee, so to cleave to Thee, that, in all the trials and temptations of this mortal life, we may do Thy will, and enjoy Thy peace, which the world cannot give nor take away. Amen.

"O DOMINE DEUS!
Speravi in Te;
O care mi Jesu!
Nunc libera me.
In dura catena,
In misera pœna
Desidero Te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me."

From the Prayer-Book of QUEEN MARY STUART (?).

CHRIST OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW.

(Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας.)

Falsely ascribed to ANATOLIUS, Patriarch of Constantinople, died 458, by J. M. NEALE, 1862. Christ in the tempest. Mark iv. 37–39. Dr. Neale found this hymn in "the dateless Constantinopolitan book" from which he took "Art thou weary."

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God:
"Peace! it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!

Wail of the stormy wind,[1]
  Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
  Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light:[2]
  "Peace! it is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
  Come Thou to me!
Soothe Thou my voyaging
  Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
  "Peace! it is I!"

ART THOU WEARY?

(*Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.*)

Translated from the Greek by Dr. J. M. NEALE, and on insufficient grounds ascribed by him, in the first edition of *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (1862), to ST. STEPHEN of St. Sabas (died about 794), a monk of Mar Saba, a monastery in a wild region above the ravine of the Kedron, Judæa. Dr. Neale took the hymn from a Constantinopolitan book without date, which since his death has not been found. A Latin translation by W. E. GLADSTONE, *Contemp. Rev.*, 1875. Dr. Schaff said, "It is worthy of a place in every book of devotional poetry." In later years it was one of his favorite hymns, and was sung at his funeral.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

[1] Orig.: Euroclydon, or Euryclydon, a heavy wind.
[2] The terms "God of God," and "Light of Light," are used

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

---

of Christ in the Nicene Creed against the Arian heresy, which met in 325.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

LORD JESUS CHRIST, IN THEE ALONE.

(*Allein zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ.*)

From the German of JOHANN SCHNEESING, 1522. *Lyra Germ.*, II. 175 (SCHAFF, No. 277).

LORD Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
Nor help save in Thy grace.
There is no man nor creature here,
No angel in the heavenly sphere,
Who at my need can succor me:
I cry to Thee,
For Thou canst end my misery.

My sin is very sore and great,
I mourn its load beneath:
O free me from this heavy weight,
Through Thy most precious death!
And with Thy Father for me plead,
That Thou hast suffered in my stead,
The burden then from me is rolled:
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.

And of Thy grace on me bestow
  True Christian faith, O Lord!
That all the sweetness I may know
  That in Thy cross is stored, —
Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbor as myself;
And when at last is come my end,
    Be Thou my friend,
From all assaults my soul defend.

Glory to God in highest heaven,
  The Father of all love!
To His dear Son, for sinners given,
  Whose grace we daily prove!
To God the Holy Ghost we cry,
That we may find His comfort nigh,
And learn how, free from sin and fear,
    To please Him here,
And serve Him in the sinless sphere.

COURAGE, MY TEMPTED HEART!

(*Brich durch, mein angefochtnes Herz.*)

From the German of J. H. Böhmer, 1704. Translated by Miss Catherine Winkworth (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 192).

COURAGE, my sorely-tempted heart!
  Break through thy woes, forget their smart;
Come forth, and on Thy Bridegroom gaze,
The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;
    Here is thy place!

His arms are open; thither flee!
There rest and peace are waiting thee,
The deathless crown of righteousness,
The entrance to eternal bliss;
He gives thee this!

Then combat well, of naught afraid,
For thus His follower thou art made:
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Armed with His might.

If storms of fierce temptations rise,
Unmoved we'll face the frowning skies,
If but the heart is true indeed,
Christ will be with us in our need, —
His own could bleed.

I flee away to Thy dear cross,
For hope is there for every loss,
Healing for every wound and woe;
There all the strength of love I know,
And feel its glow.

Before the Holy One I fall,
The Eternal Sacrifice for all;
His death has freed us from our load,
Peace on the anguished soul bestowed,
Brought us to God.

How then should I go mourning on?
I look to Thee, — my fears are gone;
With Thee is rest that cannot cease,
For Thou hast wrought us full release,
And made our peace.

Thy word hath still its glorious powers,
The noblest chivalry is ours;
O Thou for whom to die is gain,
I bring Thee here my all! oh, deign
To accept and reign!

NOW I HAVE FOUND THE GROUND.

(*Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.*)

From the German of Joh. Andr. Rothe (a Moravian), composed for Zinzendorf's birthday, 1728. Freely reproduced by John Wesley, 1740. (See the German, ten verses, with a note, in Schaff's *G. H. B.*, No. 290.)

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Jesus, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,

Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains in me;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look unto my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written here.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn,—
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Jesus, Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. From his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. One of the sweetest and most popular hymns in the English language, a worthy companion of Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Judged by æsthetic rules, the hymn, like St. Bernard's "Jesu, dulcis memoria," lacks progress of ideas, and is somewhat repetitious. The last lines of the first stanza would form an appropriate conclusion. The third stanza, "Wilt Thou not regard my call," is generally omitted.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,[1]
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

[1] Originally: —
"While the nearer waters roll"

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
  Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
  While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live![1]

Thou, O Christ! art all I want:
  More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
  I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
  Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
  Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
  Rise to all eternity.

[1] This beautiful verse makes it plain that the hymn was suggested by the story of Peter's peril and deliverance on the lake, Matt. xiv. 26–31. It ought to be restored in our hymn-books.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

By AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, Vicar of Broadhembury in Devonshire (d. 1778, in his 38th year). First published in *The Gospel Magazine*, March, 1776, signed "A. T.," under the title, "A Prayer, living and dying, for the holiest believer in the world." We give the text from Toplady's *Works*. One of the most deeply evangelic and touching hymns in any language, the favorite of many Christians (e.g. of Prince Albert in his dying hour). Faith in Christ, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, has never found a more melting expression. It is one of those classic lyrics which sink at once into the heart, and can never be forgotten. As compared with the hymn of Charles Wesley, "Jesu, lover of my soul," it affords a striking illustration of the unity of Christian life, notwithstanding the diversity of theological conviction. The Calvinism of Toplady and the Arminianism of Wesley, which were arrayed against each other in fierce controversy, are here melted together into one common love to the Saviour, as the only refuge and comfort of the sinner in life and in death. Toplady's polemical tracts, and Wesley's polemical verses (against the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination), are now mere matters of history; but the devotional hymns of both will be sung to the end of time by Christians of all creeds. We mention, as a curiosity, that even the *Lyra Catholica* contains, alongside of the hymns of the Romish Breviary and Missal, this hymn of Toplady, but gives it as a translation from the Latin, "Jesus, pro me perforatus." See the next hymn.

ROCK of ages,[1] cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven[2] side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,[3]
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:

[1] Comp. Isa. xxvi. 4 ("in Jehovah is everlasting strength," lit "rock of ages," *tsur olamim*); Ps. xviii. 3; xix. 14; Cant. ii. 14 ("in the clefts of the rock," i.e. the wounds of Christ); 1 Cor. x. 4.

[2] Hymn-books generally change *riven* into *wounded*.

[3] Many hymn-books substitute "*perfect* cure," thus destroying the obvious reference to the *guilt* and *power* of sin.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eye-strings break in death;[1]
When I soar through tracts unknown,[2]
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

JESUS, PRO ME PERFORATUS.

(*Rock of ages, cleft for me.*)

The "Rock of Ages" in Latin. Translated, A.D. 1848, by the English statesman W. E. GLADSTONE (b. 1809). From *Translations by Lord Lyttleton and the*

[1] Better: "When *my eyelids close* in death." This change, though not strictly correct, is one of the very rare instances in which compilers of hymn-books have improved upon the author. Generally, the endless alterations of English and German hymns are changes for the worse, or, as the Germans say, *Verschlimmbesserungen*. Even this invaluable hymn has been subjected to ruthless mutilations.

[2] Usually changed: "*to worlds* unknown"

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Lond. 1861, p. 142; a Collection of translations of choice poems of Milton, Dryden, Tennyson, Gray, Goldsmith, Heber, and Toplady into Greek or Latin, and of several selections from Homer, Æschylus, Horace, Dante, Manzoni, and Schiller into English. The volume was published in commemoration of the double marriage of the two authors to two sisters (July 25, 1839).

JESUS, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem,
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus!

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

AWAKE, SWEET HARP OF JUDAH.

"The Hiding-place." By HENRY KIRKE WHITE; b. 1785, at Nottingham d. 1806. His remains, with a memoir, have been edited by Southey.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car;
Where, where, oh where shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of His ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb; to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees His well-beloved's face,
And spares us, in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for His Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage; days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We, through the Lamb, shall be decreed:
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

WHEN THROUGH THE TORN SAIL.

By Bishop Reginald Heber, of Calcutta (d. 1826). "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

The Mercy-seat. Rev. HUGH STOWELL, b. 1799; graduated at Oxford, 1822; Rural Dean of Eccles; d. 1865. He publ. *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1831.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
"The oil of gladness" on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;[1]

[1] CHARLES ROGERS (*Lyra Britannica*, p. 532) reads:—
"And time and sense seem all no more."

And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
Where glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

SAVIOUR! WHEN, IN DUST, TO THEE.

A poetic litany, by Sir ROBERT GRANT, an eminent philanthropist and statesman, b. 1785; d. 1838, as Governor of Bombay. He wrote twelve sacred lyrics. This is his best, and one of the best in the English language.

SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:

Turn, oh! turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold:
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice:
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS.

Sir Robert Grant, 1838.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,

Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely past,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED.

Dr. H. H. MILMAN, Dean of St. Paul's, author of *History of Latin Christianity*, and other works.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,—
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,—
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,—
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

WITH TEARFUL EYES I LOOK AROUND.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, born 1789. died 1871.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me!"

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me!"

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me!"

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

JUST AS I AM, — WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1836), sister of the Rev. Henry Venn E., of St. Mary's, Brighton (died 1865), who also wrote hymns and published a volume of *Psalms and Hymns*, 1835. She has written several volumes, contributed one hundred and seventeen hymns to *The Invalid's Hymn-Book*, and edited the last edition of that compilation. The following hymn is, perhaps, the most popular, certainly one of the best, from her pen.

JUST as I am, — without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — of that free love
"The breadth, length, depth, and height" to prove, —
Here for a season, then above, —
O Lamb of God, I come!

JUST AS THOU ART.

Rev. Russell S. Cook, Secretary of the "New-York Sabbath Committee;" d. Sept. 4, 1864. This hymn, the counterpart of the preceding hymn, was sent by the author to Miss Elliott, and printed anonymously in tract form. It found a place in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*, No. 326, but without the second and last stanzas, which are here supplied from the author's copy.

JUST as thou art, — without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free, —
O wretched sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts opprest, —
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss, —
O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.; b. in Edinburgh, 1808; minister of the Free Church of Scotland. 1846. "Come unto Me."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

A SINFUL MAN AM I.

HORATIUS BONAR. *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866. "Come unto Me"

A SINFUL man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee,—
To Thee, the holy and the just,
That Thou mayst pity me.

Wert Thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to Thee?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,
I must in dread depart:
It is the riches of Thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to Thee:
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

Our God is love, — we come;
  Our God is light, — we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
  And walking in His way.

Mercy and truth are His,
  Unchanging faithfulness;
The cross is all our boast and trust;
  And Jesus is our peace.

We give Thee glory, Lord;
  Thy Majesty adore.
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  We bless for evermore.

LO! THE STORMS OF LIFE.

Dr. Henry Alford; b. 1810. Written 1845. From his *Year of Praise*, Lond 1867, No. 48.

LO! the storms of life are breaking;
  Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succor undertaking,
  Lord and Saviour, help us!

Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
  Lord and Saviour, help us!

On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying;
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

By Thy birth, Thy cross, and passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

THERE IS AN EVERLASTING HOME.

Latus Salvatoris. MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1852.

THERE is an everlasting home,
Where contrite souls may hide;
Where death and danger dare not come,—
The Saviour's side.

It was a cleft of matchless love,
Opened when He had died,
When mercy hailed in worlds above
That wounded side.

Hail! Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
The grave of all my pride;
Hope, peace, and heaven are all in Thee,
Thy sheltering side

There issued forth the double flood,
The sin-atoning tide,
In streams of water and of blood,
From that dear side.

There is the only Fount of Bliss,
In joy and sorrow tried;
No refuge for the heart like this, —
A Saviour's side.

Thither the Church, through all her days,
Points as a faithful guide,
And celebrates with ceaseless praise
That spear-pierced side.

TOSSED WITH ROUGH WINDS.

"It is I: be not afraid." — *Matt.* xiv. 27. By Mrs. ANDREW PATON CHARLES *née* ELIZABETH RUNDLE. She published several books anonymously. The following poem was revised by her for ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, 1867, p. 138.

TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear? —
'Tis I: be not afraid.

'Tis I who wash thy spirit white;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light.
'Tis I: be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me.
'Tis I: be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draft accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced.
'Tis I: be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed;
My arms are underneath thy head:
My blessing is around thee shed.
'Tis I: be not afraid.

When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest,—'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,—
'Tis I: be not afraid.

From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Saying, "Belovèd, lovest thou Me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee.
'Tis I: be not afraid."

MY SAVIOUR, 'MID LIFE'S SCENE.

"Save, Lord, or I perish." Mrs. Eliz. A. E. Godwin, born 1817, died 1889.

MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me, through each perplexing path,
To perfect day.
In weakness and in sin I stand;
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn:
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish if I am not Thine.

My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My refuge, and wilt Thou forget,
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And entered into realms of light.

My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love,
And tender care,
Not for the angel-forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee,
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER; b. in Bedford Square, London, 1825; contributor to Dickens's *Household Words*; author of *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858, 1860, and other works; joined the Roman-Catholic Church; d. 1864.

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary;
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen,
More desolate Thy way:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night.
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light.
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day.
O Lamb of God, that takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease.
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace!

IN THE HOURS OF PAIN AND SORROW.

By Mrs. HELEN L. PARMELEE, of Albany, N.Y.; d. 1864. From her *Poems Religious and Miscellaneous*, New York, 1865, p. 108 (a posthumous publication).

IN the hours of pain and sorrow,
When the world brings no relief,
When the eye is dim and heavy,
And the heart oppressed with grief,

While blessings flee,
Saviour, Lord, we trust in Thee!

When the snares of earth surround us, —
Pride, ambition, love of ease;
Mammon with her false allurements;
Words that flatter, smiles that please, —
Then, ere we yield,
Saviour, Lord, be Thou our shield!

When forsaken, in distress,
Poor, despised, and tempest-tost,
With no anchor here to stay us,
Drifting, sail and rudder lost, —
Then save us, Thou
Who trod this earth with weary brow!

Thou, the hated and forsaken!
Thou, the bearer of the cross!
Crowned of thorns, and mocked, and smitten,
Counting earthly gain but loss;
When scorned are we,
We joy to be the more like Thee!

Thou, the Father's best belovèd!
Thou, the throned and sceptred King!
Who but Thee should we, adoring,
All our prayers and praises bring.
Thrice blessed are we,
Saviour, Lord, in loving Thee!

AMID THE DARKNESS.

"The Voice of Christ." "Peace, be still." — *Mark* iv. 39. Dr. RAY PALMER
Written 1867, and first published in his *Hymns of my Holy Hours*, New York, 1867

AMID the darkness, when the storm
Swept fierce and wild o'er Galilee,
Was seen of old, dear Lord, Thy form,
All calmly walking on the sea;
And raging elements were still,
Obedient to Thy sovereign will.

So on life's restless, heaving wave,
When night and storm my sky o'ercast,
Oft hast Thou come to cheer and save,
Hast changed my fear to joy at last.
Thy voice hath bid the tumult cease,
And soothed my throbbing heart to peace.

But ah! too soon my fears return,
And dark mistrust disturbs anew:
What smothered fires within yet burn!
My days of peace, alas, how few!
These heart-throes, — shall they ne'er be past?
These strifes, — shall they for ever last?

I heed not danger, toil, nor pain,
  Care not how hard the storm may beat,
If in my heart Thy peace may reign,
  And faith and patience keep their seat;
If strength divine may nerve my soul,
And love my every thought control.

O may that voice that quelled the sea,
  And laid the surging waves to rest,
Speak in my spirit, set me free
  From passions that disturb my breast.
Jesus, I yield me to Thy will,
And wait to hear Thy "Peace, be still!"

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

By the Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855, born at Threapwood, England, 1829.

I NEED Thee, precious JESUS,
  For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
  My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
  Where I can always flee,
The blood of CHRIST most precious,
  The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, blessèd JESUS,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of JESUS
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, blessèd JESUS;
I need a friend like Thee, —
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the Heart of JESUS
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, blessèd JESUS,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne!
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, LORD JESUS,
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee.

CHRIST OUR PEACE.

"PEACE I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JOHN xiv. 27.

"He is our peace."—EPH. ii. 14.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."—PHIL. iv. 7.

BLESSED Saviour! who, by the shedding of Thy precious blood on the Cross, and by Thy glorious triumph over death and hell, hast procured for us the remission of sins, and the peace with God which passeth all understanding: grant unto us, we humbly beseech Thee, such an abiding sense of Thy presence, that, amidst the trials and tribulations of this mortal life, our hearts may be at peace in the enjoyment of Thy favor, and in hopeful anticipation of the glory of the saints in light, who praise Thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

"WITHOUT Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness.
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be;
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

"In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And, having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee."

FRANCIS QUARLES.

CHRIST OUR PEACE.

O FRIEND OF SOULS! HOW BLEST.

(*Wie wohl ist mir, o Freund der Seelen.*)

From the German of WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER, 1692. Song of Solomon, viii. 5: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" The original (in SCHAFF's *G. H. B.*, No. 301) is very sweet, but difficult to translate. A closer version in *Lyra Germ.*, I. 50: "O Friend of souls, how well is me!" Another one, abridged, in the *Moravian H. B.*, No. 389: "How blest am I, most gracious Saviour!"

O FRIEND of souls! how blest the time
When in Thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world, — I go
To this tried Friend and sure.

And when life's fiercest storms are sent
  Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
  Because it holdeth Thee.

The law may threaten endless death
  Upon the dreadful hill;
Straightway from its consuming breath
  My soul mounts higher still.
She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,
  And finds in Him her home,
Whence she shall not go forth again.
  And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness
  Where Thou hast been before:
Nay! rather would I daily press
  After Thee, near Thee, more!
Thou art my strength, on Thee I lean
  My heart Thou makest sing,
And to Thy pastures green at length
  Thy chosen flock wilt bring.

To others, death seems dark and grim,
  But not, O Lord! to me:
I know Thou ne'er forsakest him
  Who puts his trust in Thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
  I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
  To Thy eternal peace.

THOU HIDDEN SOURCE.

"Jesus All, and in All." By CHARLES WESLEY, b. 1708, d. 1788.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while Thou art mine:
And lo! from sin and grief and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power and peace
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my All in All Thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

In want, my plentiful supply;
  In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty.
  My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my All in All.[1]

THE WORLD CAN NEITHER GIVE NOR TAKE.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON; "the most extraordinary woman of her age;" b. 1707, d. 1791. This cento was composed by her, 1780, from two of JOHN MASON'S *Songs of Praise* (1683).

THE world can neither give nor take,
  Nor can they comprehend,
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
  That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
  Whilst God remainèd there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
  Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
  But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
  With an observant eye.

[1] Originally: "my heaven in hell."

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
  His wounds a cure intend;
And, though He doth not always smile,
  He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
  Though clouds come oft between;
And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
  It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
  And Thou for ever shine:
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
  Lord, Thou art ever mine.

COME, WEARY SOULS.

Miss ANNE STEELE; b. at Broughton, 1716; d. 1778. A lady of delicate health, who spent her life in works of piety and benevolence. She published, under the name of "THEODOSIA," two volumes of poems, 1760; a third volume appeared after her death. Republished in Boston, 1808, 2 vols. This poem is based on Matt. xi. 28.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
  The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace, —
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

JESUS, MY LORD.

(*Ach mein Herr Jesu, Dein Nahesein.*)

CHRISTIAN GREGOR, a Moravian bishop, 1778. One of the sweetest hymns from the holy of holies of the believer's personal communion with his Saviour, and very characteristic of Moravian piety in its best form. Translated by EDWARD REYNOLDS, M.D., of Boston (from an unpublished translation of SCHAFF's *German H. B.*). Contributed. Other translations, by C. WINKWORTH, "Ah, dearest Lord! to feel that Thou art near" (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 224); and by Dr. H. MILLS, "Jesus, our Lord, when Thou art near" (*Horæ Germ.*, p. 87).

JESUS, my Lord, Thy nearness does impart
Sweet peace and gladness to the longing heart,
Thy gracious smile infuse a joyous thrill,
And soul and body with sweet pleasure fill,
And thankfulness.

We see not with our eyes Thy friendly face,
So full of kindness, love, and gentle grace;
  But in our hearts we know that Thou art here,
  For Thou canst make us feel Thy presence near,
    Although unseen.

Whoever makes it life's chief aim and end
To have his happiness on Thee depend,
  In him a well of joy for ever springs,
  And all day long his heart is glad, and sings:
    Who is like Thee?

To meet us ever with a friendly face,
In mercy, patience, and the kindest grace,
  Daily Thy rich forgiveness to bestow,
  To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go,
    Is Thy delight.

Lord, for Thy rich salvation, hear our prayer,
And daily give us an abounding share;
  And let our souls, in all their poverty,
  From deep-felt love be looking unto Thee
    Till life's last end.

In sorrowing hours may our o'erflowing eyes
For comfort look to Thy dear sacrifice;
  And, with Thy cross before us, may we find
  Thy genuine image stamped upon our mind,
    In constant view!

Lord, at all times mayst Thou within us find
A loving spirit and a childlike mind;
And from Thy wounds may we receive the power,
Through all life's weal and woe, in every hour,
To cling to Thee.

Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be
Like children, finding all our joys in Thee;
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,
Yet, if Thou to our hearts art All in All,
Sweet peace will come.

Thy wounded hand, dear Saviour, as a friend,
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend;
At the sad sight our tears of grief must flow,
And conscious shame come o'er us as we go,
With thankful praise.

O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Olney Hymns*, No. 3.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *Olney Hymns*, No. 46.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

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Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

JESUS, MY LORD! MY LIFE! MY ALL!

By SAMUEL MEDLEY, a Baptist minister at Liverpool, b. 1738, d. 1799. He was converted in consequence of a severe wound which he received, as a midshipman, in a naval engagement with the French, off Cape Lagos, 1759.

JESUS, my Lord! my life! my all!
Prostrate before Thy throne I fall;
Fain would my soul look up, and see
My hope, my heaven, my all, in Thee.

Here, in this world of sin and woe,
I'm filled with tossings to and fro,
Burdened with sin, with fear oppressed;
And nothing here can give me rest.

In vain from creatures help I seek:
Thou, only Thou, the word canst speak,
To heal my wounds and calm my grief,
Or give my mournful heart relief.

Lord, I am vile and poor and weak,
Yet will I for Thy mercy seek:
I therefore cannot turn away,
But wait to hear what Thou wilt say.

Oh speak and bid my soul rejoice!
I long to hear Thy pardoning voice:
Say, "Peace, be still! look up and live;
Life, peace, and heaven are Mine to give."

Without Thy peace and presence, Lord,
Not all the world can help afford:
Oh, do not frown my soul away!
Lord, smile my darkness into day!

Then, filled with grateful, holy love,
My soul in praise shall soar above,
And with delightful joy record
The wondrous goodness of my Lord.

IF ONLY I HAVE THEE.

(*Wenn ich Ihn nur habe.*)

From the German of NOVALIS (or HARDENBERG, of Moravian connections, author of several glowing hymns; d., prematurely, 1801), by Dr. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847, with slight changes by the editor. (B. renders the first line: "If I *only have* Thee," which disturbs the measure.) Another translation (four stanzas) in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, p. 96 ("If only He is mine").

IF only I have Thee,
If only mine Thou art,
And to the grave
Thy power to save
Upholds my faithful heart, —
Nought can then my soul annoy,
Lost in worship, love, and joy.

If only I have Thee,
I gladly all forsake.
To follow on
Where Thou hast gone,

My pilgrim staff I take;
Leaving other men to stray
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

If only I have Thee,
If only Thou art near,
In sweet repose
My eyes shall close,
Nor Death's dark shadow fear;
And Thy heart's flood through my breast,
Gently charm my soul to rest.

If only I have Thee,
Then all the world is mine;
Like those who gaze
Upon the rays
That from Thy glory shine,
Rapt in holy thought of Thee,
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Where only I have Thee,
There is my fatherland;
For everywhere
The gifts I share
From Thy wide-spreading hand;
And in all my human kind,
Long-lost brothers dear I find.

TREMBLING BEFORE THY THRONE.

Forgiveness of sins, a joy unknown to angels. 1822. The only hymn of AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE (brother of James Abraham H., who is commonly called "the poet Hillhouse"); b., 1792, at New Haven, Conn.; graduated, in Yale College, 1810; d., near Paris, 1859. This hymn was written in Paris, after 1816, and first published in the *Christian Spectator*, New Haven, April, 1822. Dr. L. BACON (in the *New-Englander*, Aug. 1860) praises it rather extravagantly, as being "unsurpassed in the English or any other language, and as near perfection as an uninspired composition can be. The thought, the feeling, the imagery, the diction, and the versification are all exquisite." It certainly has rare merit. Ver. 3 is the gem of the hymn.

TREMBLING before Thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend! — O smile, and heal the strife!

The Saviour smiles! Upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll:
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song, — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.[1]

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

YES! OUR SHEPHERD LEADS.

(Ja fürwahr! uns führt mit sanfter Hand.)

Ps. xxiii.; Ezek. xxiv. 15. From the German of Fr. Adolph Krummacher, D.D.; b. 1767; d. 1845, as Reformed pastor in Bremen; author of the *Parables*, &c.; a man of genius and lovely character. The translator in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, p. 49, seems to confound him with his son Friedrich Wilhelm, the celebrated orator and court-preacher at Potsdam, who is better known, in England and America, from his *Elijah*; *Elisha*; *The Suffering Saviour*; *King David*; &c.

YES! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,
Through the dark pilgrim-land,

[1] The Andover *Sabbath H. B.*, No. 614, substitutes, for vv. 4–6 of the original, which certainly needs no improvement, the following stanza: —

"Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings:
Loud is your song; the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain."

His flock, so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.
Hallelujah!

When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.
Hallelujah!

Tenderly He watches from on high
With an unwearied eye;
He comforts and sustains,
In all their fears and pains.
Hallelujah!

Through the parched, dreary desert He will guide
To the green fountain-side;
Through the dark, stormy night,
To a calm land of light.
Hallelujah!

Yes! His "little flock" are ne'er forgot;
His mercy changes not:
Our home is safe above,
Within His arms of love.
Hallelujah!

LONG DID I TOIL.

"I am His, and He is mine." By HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1833.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who spreads His arms and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
"Go, worthless world," I cry, "with all that's thine;
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

The good I have is from His store supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
With Him my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,—
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen:
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines,

Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart, — I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

O BLESSED SUN, WHOSE SPLENDOR.

(*O Jesu, meine Sonne.*)

C. J. P. SPITTA. "Life and Contentment in Jesus." From his *Psalter und Harfe*, 1833. Translated by R. MASSIE, 1860.

O BLESSED Sun, whose splendor
Dispels the shades of night;
O Jesus, my defender,
My soul's supreme delight, —

All day I hear resounding
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Through God's eternal Son.

A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast,
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest!
Though fortune should bereave me
Of all I love the best,
If Christ His love still leave me,
I freely give the rest.

To win this precious treasure
And matchless pearl, I would
Give honor, wealth, and pleasure,
And every earthly good;
I gladly would surrender
The dearest thing which might
Obscure my Sun's bright splendor,
And rob me of His light.

I know no life divided,
O Lord of life! from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me.
I know no death, O Jesus
Because I live in Thee:
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

I fear no tribulation,
  Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
  Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and teacher,
  Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
  Than monarch on his throne.

If, while on earth I wander,
  My heart is light and blest,
Ah! what shall I be yonder
  In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought in dying!
  We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
  A kingdom our reward.

Lord, with this truth impress me,
  And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
  That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
  I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
  On life's wide ocean tost.

Thy love it was which sought me,
  Thyself unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me
  Where I would gladly be.

The things which once distrest me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this sweet truth imprest me, —
That I possess Thy love.

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE: born at Belfast, 1809, died 1872. The following hymn was printed by Mr. Hope, in 1852, for private circulation. Like other popular hymns, it has been unscrupulously and needlessly altered by editors of hymn-books and popular collections. It is here printed from a copy supplied by the author to ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, 1867.

NOW I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When death is sent to me,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King, —
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Father, Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be Thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

THROUGH THE LOVE OF GOD.

Mrs. Mary Peters; died at Clifton, England, 1856 (Rogers's *Lyra Brit.*, p. 461). Lord Selborne (p. 437) attributes this hymn to Mary Bowly (her maiden name), 1847.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us:
All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy still, to God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy through the Spirit's guiding, —
All must be well!

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well!

REST, WEARY SOUL!

By Miss JANE BORTHWICK (born 1813), written 1859 for her *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*. With her sister SARAH, wife of the Rev. E. J. Findlater (1823-1886), she translated the *Hymns from the Land of Luther* under the initials H. L. L.

REST, weary soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done;
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest:
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom:

Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

I'VE FOUND A JOY IN SORROW.

"Pilgrim Discoveries." By Mrs. JANE CREWDSON (*née* Fox); b. 1809; d., near Manchester, England, 1863. She wrote, during a protracted period of illness, four volumes of genuine poetry. "Many felt that her sick-room was the highest place to which they could resort for refreshment of spirit, and even for mental recreation." From CHARLES ROGERS'S *Lyra Brit.*, p. 649.

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring;
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells were dry.
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh, —

An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade,
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade!
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near! — yet out of sight.

My Saviour! Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE FAINT.

Rev. JOHN A. LATROBE, a native of London. 1863. His father was Secretary of the Moravian Church Missions. He published several poetic volumes. See ROGERS, *L. B.*, p. 367.

LET not your heart be faint:
My peace I give to you, —
Such peace as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.

'Tis not the noiseless calm
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

'Tis not fallen nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul
That knows not God, nor owns His hand,
Though wide His thunders roll.

'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch, and feeds, —
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransomed world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transformed,
A rebel to a child.

Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears,
Expels my griefs, and calms my fears;
Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,
And bids each anxious thought depart.

Blest foretaste this of joys to come
In Thy eternal, heavenly home;
Where I shall see Thy smiling face,
And know Thy rich, unfathomed grace.

That grace sustains my spirit now,
Though still a pilgrim here below;
That grace suffices, comforts, guides,
Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.

Yes, Thou art with me, O my God!
To bear me on to Thy abode;
Where I shall never cease to prove
Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

Help me to praise Thee day by day,
Till earth's dark scenes are passed away,
Till in Thine own unclouded light
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

WHEN ACROSS THE HEART.

From the CANTERBURY HYMNAL, 1863.

WHEN across the heart deep waves of sorrow
Break, as on a dry and barren shore;
When hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore;

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream;
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream,—

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding?
Who the aching void within shall fill?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still?

Only He whose wounded heart was broken
With the bitter cross and thorny crown;
Whose dear love glad words of joy had spoken;
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer! all our burdens lighten;
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray;
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away.

SWEET WAS THE HOUR, O LORD!

The well of Sychar. By Sir EDWARD DENNY, Bart., 1839. A member of the Plymouth Brethren, born 1796.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord! to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but oh! her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to find
The Hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas Thy power, unseen, that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn of Thee
The secrets of Thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams, unknown before,
The water-brooks of life, that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
  Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
  Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
  Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
  Of grace and glory Thou!

No hope of rest in aught beside,
  No beauty, Lord, we see;
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
  And find our all in Thee.

WHEN WINDS ARE RAGING.

"The Secret." By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; b. at Litchfield, Conn., 1812; residing at Hartford. From her *Religious Poems*, Boston, 1867, p. 32.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
  And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
  That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
  And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
  Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord! in Thee.

O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

ALONE WITH THEE!

"Alone with Christ." "I will come to you." — *John* xiv. 18. By RAY PALMER, D.D. Written 1867, and first published in his *Hymns of my Holy Hours*, New York, 1867.

ALONE with Thee! alone with Thee!
O Friend divine!
Thou Friend of friends, to me most dear,
Though all unseen, I feel Thee near;
And, with the love that knows no fear,
I call Thee mine.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
Now through my breast
There steals a breath like breath of balm
That healing brings and holy calm,
That soothes like chanted song or psalm,
And makes me blest.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
Thy grace more sweet
Than music in the twilight still,
Than airs that groves of spices fill,
More fresh than dews on Hermon's hill,
My soul doth greet.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
In Thy pure light
The splendid pomps and shows of time,
The tempting steeps that pride would climb,
The peaks where glory rests sublime,
Pale on my sight.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
My softened heart
Floats on the flood of love divine,
Feels all its wishes drowned in Thine,
Content that every good is mine
Thou canst impart.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
I want no more

To make my earthly bliss complete,
Than oft my Lord unseen to meet;
For sight I wait till tread my feet
Yon glistering shore.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
There not alone,
But with all saints, the mighty throng,
My soul unfettered, pure, and strong,
Her high communings shall prolong
Before Thy throne.

JESUS! THE RAYS DIVINE.

"My Heavenly Friend." By Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, Brooklyn July, 1868. Contributed.

JESUS! the rays divine,
Which from Thy presence shine,
Cast light o'er depths profound,
Which in Thy word are found,
And lead me on!

The love within Thine eye
Oft checks the rising sigh;
The touch of Thy dear hand
Answers my heart's demand,
And comforts me!

Yes, Lord, in hours of gloom,
When shadows fill my room,

When pain breathes forth its groans,
And grief its sighs and moans,
  Then Thou art near!

Oh! will it always be
That Thou wilt comfort me?
When friends are far away,
Wilt Thou, my Saviour, stay,
  And soothe my pain?

Jesus, Thou art my life!
No more I dread the strife, —
The rays of light divine,
Which from Thy presence shine,
  Fall o'er my heart!

ABIDE WITH ME!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte; b. 1793; graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, d. at Nice, 1847; author of *Religious Poems; Tales on the Lord's Prayer; The Spirit of the Psalms;* &c. This beautiful hymn has passed into several recent Anglican hymn-books; e.g., *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and *The People's Hymnal*, but only five stanzas.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide:
  The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free, —
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

Thou on my head, in early youth, didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

FAITH IN CHRIST.

"LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me." — JOHN xiv. 1.

"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." — GAL. ii. 20.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." — HEB. xii. 2.

"Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief." — MARK ix. 24.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast revealed Thyself, in Thy Son Jesus Christ, as a God of infinite love and wisdom, and who dost offer us in Him complete salvation and everlasting bliss: work in us, by Thy Holy Spirit, a hearty, constant, and abiding faith in Thee and in Thy Son, that we may never be ashamed to confess Him before men, and, following His holy example, may overcome the world, abound in fruits of righteousness, and, having fought the good fight of faith, carry away at last the crown of life; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

"ETERNAL GOD of earth and air!
Unseen, yet seen in all around,
Remote, but dwelling everywhere,
Though silent, heard in every sound, —

If e'er Thine ear in mercy bent
When wretched mortals cried to Thee;
And if, indeed, Thy Son was sent
To save lost sinners such as me:

Then hear me now, while, kneeling here,
I lift to Thee my heart and eye,
And all my soul ascends in prayer,
Oh, GIVE ME, GIVE ME FAITH! I cry.

Without some glimmering in my heart,
I could not raise this fervent prayer:
But, oh! a stronger light impart,
And in Thy mercy fix it there"

FAITH IN CHRIST.

WHEN SINS AND FEARS.

Miss Anne Steele, died 1778. John xiv. 19. The poems of this pious and deservedly popular authoress were first published in England, 1760, in 2 vols.; with an additional volume after her death, 1780; and republished in Boston, 1808 (by Munroe, Francis, & Parker, 4 Cornhill), in 2 vols. The text is from the Boston ed., I. p. 139.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art Thou not mine, my dearest Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
This word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul! thy trust repose,
Since Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

SEE A POOR SINNER, DEAREST LORD

SAMUEL MEDLEY, a Baptist minister at Liverpool, d. 1799.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by Thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look, "and look again."

How oft, deceived by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turned aside;
And, Jonah-like, has fled from Thee,
Till Thou hast looked again on me!

Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to Thy footstool let me come,
And tell Thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look, and look again.

Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy,
Do thundering tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.

Take courage then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in Him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, His word, His throne;
Look to His grace, and not your own:
There wait and look, and look again;
You shall not wait nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

AMID LIFE'S WILD COMMOTION.

(*Aus irdischem Getümmel.*)

From the German of CARL JULIUS ASCHENFELDT (b. at Kiel, Holstein, 1792; 1819. John xiv. 6. (SCHAFF, No. 102.) Translator unknown.

AMID life's wild commotion,
Where nought the heart can cheer,
Who points beyond its ocean
To heaven's brighter sphere?
Our feeble footsteps guiding,
When from the path we stray,
Who leads to bliss abiding?
Christ is our only WAY.

When doubts and fears distress us,
And all around is gloom,
And shame and fear oppress us,
Who can our souls illume?
Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,
And making all things bright,
The sun of TRUTH is beaming
In glory on our sight.

Who fills our hearts with gladness
That none can take away?
Who shows us, 'midst our sadness,
The distant realms of day?
'Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the heart's wild strife?
'Tis Christ! our Friend unfailing,
The WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE.

I KNOW IN WHOM I PUT MY TRUST.

(*Ich weiss, an wen ich glaube.*)

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT. 1819. (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 295.) Translated by C. WINKWORTH. The author († 1860) was one of the noblest German patriots, and at the same time a sincere, childlike Christian. His "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," is one of the most popular German songs.

I KNOW in whom I put my trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things here dissolve like dust,
Or smoke before the blast:

I know what still endures, howe'er
  All else may quake and fall,
When lies the prudent men ensnare,
  And dreams the wise inthrall.

It is the Dayspring from on high,
  The adamantine Rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
  That fears no earthquake's shock;
My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence,
  My Saviour, and my Light,
That shines within, and scatters thence
  Dark phantoms of the night;

Who once was borne, betrayed, and slain,
  At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, who rose again,
  A Conqueror strong to save:
Who pardons all my sin, who sends
  His Spirit pure and mild;
Whose grace my every step befriends,
  Who ne'er forgets His child!

Therefore I know in whom I trust,
  I know what standeth fast,
When all things formed of earthly dust
  Are whirling in the blast:
The terrors of the final foe
  Can rob me not of this;
And this shall crown me once, I know,
  With never-fading bliss.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

The Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D.; born 1808, in Rhode Island; died 1887, in Newark. This is his most popular hymn, written (as the author informs me) 1830, and first published 1833; translated into Arabic, and sung in many missionary stations; one of the very few American hymns that have been naturalized in England. The text is taken from his *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*, New York, 1865.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above, —
A ransomed soul.

HALLELUJAH! I BELIEVE!

(*Ich glaube, Hallelujah.*)

From the German of HEINRICH MÖWES, a devoted clergyman near Magdeburg, Prussia; d. 1834, after severe afflictions, which he bore with heroic faith. Translated in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, p. 114.

HALLELUJAH! I believe!
Now the giddy world stands fast,
Now my soul has found an anchor
Till the night of storm is past.
All the gloomy mists are rising,
And the clew is in my hand,
Through earth's labyrinth to guide me
To a bright and heavenly land.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,
And affliction's heavy burden
Weighs my spirit down no more.
On the cross the mystic writing
Now revealed before me lies,

And I read the words of comfort,
"As a father, I chastise."

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying:
One great Friend has paid the whole!
Ice-bound fields of legal labor
I have left with all their toil,
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now life's mystery is gone;
Gladly through its fleeting shadows,
To the end I journey on.
Through the tempest or the sunshine,
Over flowers or ruins led,
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
Where all sorrow shall have fled.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now, O Love! I know Thy power,
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour!
Christian bonds of holy union
Death itself does not destroy;
Yes, to live and love for ever,
Is our heritage of joy!

O HOLY SAVIOUR, FRIEND UNSEEN!

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, authoress of "Just as I am," and a large number of other hymns. 1834. The revised form of 1836 is given here.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress,
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss:
My joy, my recompense, be this, —
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour! I cling to Thee?

I ONCE WAS A STRANGER

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE: b. at Edinburgh, 1813: pastor a Dundee d. 1843. The following hymn is inscribed, "Jehovah Tsidkenu, 'The Lord our Righteousness.'"

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load:
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But, e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled
tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Sion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu,—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free:
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast;
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate, and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

WHILE FAITH IS WITH ME.

ANNE BRONTE. A prayer for faith. Abridged. I found this poem in a newspaper, and cannot vouch for a correct text.

WHILE Faith is with me I am blest;
It turns my darkest night to day;
But while I clasp it to my breast
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks,
To see my light of life depart;
And every friend of hell, methinks,
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do, if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away,
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I pray? —

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret call,
Or see the silent tears I weep?

Oh, help me God! for Thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve;
Forsake it not; it is Thine own,
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh, drive these cruel doubts away,
And make me know that Thou art God!
A faith that shines by night and day
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believed that Jesus died,
And, waking, rose to reign above,
Then, surely, sorrow, sin, and pride,
Must yield to peace and hope and love.

And all the blessed words He said
Will strength and holy joy impart;
A shield of safety o'er my head,
A spring of comfort in my heart.

WE WERE NOT WITH THE FAITHFUL.

From the *Canterbury Hymnal*, 1863. Adapted from the hymn "We have not seen Thy footsteps tread," by Mrs. ANNE RICHTER (*née* Rigby), died 1857.

WE were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for those that slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side:
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear
On that first glorious Easter day,—
"The Lord is risen. He is not here:

Come, see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw Thee not return on high;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

"The Mystery of Life." A poem of rare beauty. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; b. 1812; authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, &c. From her *Religious Poems*, Boston, 1867, p. 74.

"Let my heart calm itself in Thee. Let the great sea of my heart, that swelleth with waves, calm itself in Thee." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

LIFE'S mystery — deep, restless, as the ocean —
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain.

Ah! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
  Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
  And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
O Lamb that hast been slain, we find in Thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
  The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
  Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,—
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee!

Thy piercèd hand guides the mysterious wheels;
  Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And, when the dread enigma presseth sore,
  Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with Me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee!

WHEN TIME SEEMS SHORT.

By the Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D., minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, New York. This touching poem was found in his portfolio, and was written on the day before his death, which took place on the Lord's Day, April 27, 1862, at Florence in Italy, the same day on which he preached his last sermon, on Matt. ix.: "Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." (Dr. VAN NEST, *Memoir of Dr. Bethune*, 1867, p. 409.)

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

His name is JESUS, and He died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep and wide:
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, Thy Saviour, died for thee."

STRONG SON OF GOD.

ALFRED TENNYSON, poet laureate of England. Introductory to his *In Memoriam*, 1849. Abridged.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and, lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day, and cease to be,
  They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord! art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

"ABIDE in Me, and I in you."—JOHN xv. 4.

"We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."—EPH. v. 30.

"God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life."—1 JOHN v. 11, 12.

HOLY SAVIOUR, who art the true Vine from which we derive our spiritual life and nourishment, and without whom we can do nothing but wither and die: be pleased, we beseech Thee, so to unite us to Thee, by the power of the Holy Ghost and through the bond of a living faith, that, being partakers of Thy divine nature, we may bring forth much fruit, and for ever abide in Thee, as Thou dost abide in us, until we shall see Thee as Thou art, and glorify and enjoy Thee, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

MY blessed Saviour, Lord divine,
I am Thine own, and Thou art mine.
I am Thine own; for Thou didst give
Thy precious life, that I might live.
And Thou art mine: with all my heart,
I cleave to Thee, my chosen part.
How dearly didst Thou purchase me!
Oh, let me never part from Thee!

P. S.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

HOW LOVELY SHINES THE STAR!

(Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.)

From the German of PHILIPP NIKOLAI, a Lutheran minister at Unna, Westphalia. A favorite German hymn, written in a time of prevailing pestilence, 1597. It celebrates the union of a believing soul with Christ, her heavenly Bridegroom, according to Psalm xlv. and the Song of Solomon. A. Knapp pronounces this the sweetest and most excellent of all German hymns, and compares it with the 17th chapter of John. It has a rich and blessed history. The tune is one of the noblest German chorals. Translated 1860, from the text in SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 311, in the metre of the original, by the Rev. Dr. H. HARBAUGH (d. 1867).

HOW lovely shines the Morning Star!
The nations see and hail afar
The light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom, and my King of grace,
For Thee my heart is pining!
Lowly, holy,
Great and glorious, Thou victorious
Prince of graces,
Filling all the heavenly places!

O highest joy by mortals won!
Of Mary and of GOD, the Son!

Thou high-born King of ages,
Thou art my heart's best, sweetest flower,
And Thy blest gospel's saving power
My raptured soul engages.
Thou mine, I Thine;
Sing Hosanna! Heavenly manna
Tasting, eating,
Whilst Thy love in songs repeating.

Now richly to my waiting heart,
O Thou, my God, deign to impart
The grace of love undying.
In Thy blest Body let me be,
E'en as the branch is in the tree;
Thy life my life supplying.
Sighing, crying,
For the savor of Thy favor;
Resting never,
Till I rest in Thee for ever.

Token of peace from God I see,
When Thy pure eyes are turned to me
With heavenly enliving;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy Word,
Thy body and Thy blood, afford
My soul the best reviving.
Take me kindly,
To Thy favor, O my Saviour!
Thou wilt cheer me,
Since Thy word invites me near Thee.

My Father God, in mercy's plan,
Before creation's work began,
  Thy love in Christ foresaw me.
Thy Son has called me to His side;
He is my Friend, I am His bride,
  From Him no power can draw me.
    Praise be to Thee!
  Thou hast given life of heaven!
    I shall never
  Die, but praise Thy love for ever.

Wake, wake, your harps to sweetest songs!
In praise of Him, to whom belongs
  All praise, join hearts and voices.
For evermore, O Christ! in Thee,
Thee all in all of love to me,
  My grateful heart rejoices.
    With joy, employ,
  Hymns victorious, glad and glorious;
    E'er be given
  Honor to the King of heaven.

O joy! to know that Thou, my Friend,
Art Lord, Beginning without end,
  The First and Last, — Eternal!
And Thou at length — O glorious grace! —
Wilt take me to that holy place,
  The home of joys supernal.
    Amen, Amen!

Come and meet me, quickly greet me;
Draw me ever
Nearer to Thyself for ever!

LORD, THOU ART MINE.

By the Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, Rector of Bemerton, d. 1632.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am: and Thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore.
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine or Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine:
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine, then Thine;
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me Thine;
Or rather make no Thine and mine!

I LEAVE THEE NOT.

(*Ich lass Dich nicht, Du musst mein Jesus bleiben.*)

From the German of WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER (b. 1660, d. 1722, author of fifty-six hymns), by Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER (d. 1859).

I LEAVE Thee not: Thou art my Jesus ever,
Though earth rebel,
And death and hell
Would, from its steadfast hold, my faith dissever.
Ah, no! I ever will
Cling to my Helper still,
Hear what my love is taught;
Thou art my Jesus ever,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not, O Love! of love the highest,
Though doubt display
Its battle-day;
I own the power which Thou my Lord appliest:
Thou didst bear guilt and woe;
Shall I to torment go,
When into judgment brought?
O Love! of love the highest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not, O Thou who sweetly cheerest!
Whose fresh supplies
Cause strength to rise,
Just in the hour when faith's decay is nearest.
If sickness chill the soul,
And nights of languor roll,
My heart one hope hath caught:
O Thou who sweetly cheerest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not, Thou help in tribulation;
By stroke on stroke,
Though almost broke,
I hope, when all seems near to desolation.
Do what Thou wilt with me,
I still must cling to Thee;
Thy grace I have besought;
Thou help in tribulation,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not: shall I forsake salvation?
No, Jesus, no!
Thou shalt not go;
Mine still Thou art, to free from condemnation.
After this fleeting night,
Thy presence brings me light,
Whose ray my soul hath sought;
Shall I forsake salvation?
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not: Thy word my way shall brighten,
With Thee I go
Through weal and woe,
Thy precept wise shall every burden lighten.
My Lord, on Thee I hang,
Nor heed the journey's pang,
Though thorny be my lot:
Let but Thy word enlighten,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not, even in the lap of pleasure;
For, when I stray
Without Thy ray,
My richest joy must cease to be a treasure.
I shudder at the glee,
When no delight from Thee
Has heartfelt peace begot:
Even in the lap of pleasure,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

I leave Thee not, my God, my Lord, my Heaven!
Nor death shall rend
From Thee, my Friend,
Who for my soul Thyself to death hast given.
For Thou didst die for me,
And love goes back to Thee;
My heart has but one thought:
My God, my Life, my Heaven,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

MY SAVIOUR! I AM THINE.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755. On 1 Cor. vi. 17, "Being joined to Christ, and one spirit with Him."

MY Saviour! I am Thine,[1]
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign;
My soul is in Thy hands.

To Thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail!

Thy Spirit shall unite
My soul to Thee, my Head;
Shall form me to Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

[1] This is the original form in Doddridge's Hymns, edited, from the author's MS., by Job Orton. Nearly all the hymn-books, however, read, "*Dear* Saviour, *we* are Thine," and substitute the plural throughout for the singular.

Since Christ and we are one,
  Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
  He'll fix His members there.

JESUS, IMMUTABLY THE SAME.

By the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, B.A., Vicar of Broadhembury, Devon 1776. "The Vine and the Branches." John xv. 1–8.

JESUS, immutably the same,
  Thou true and living vine,
Around Thy all-supporting stem,
  My feeble arms I twine.

Quickened by Thee, and kept alive,
  I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from Thy sap derive,
  My vigor from Thy root.

Grafted in Thee by grace alone,
  In growth I daily rise;
And, raised on this foundation-stone,
  My top shall reach the skies.

I can do nothing without Thee:
  My strength is wholly Thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
  If severed from the vine.

Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
  Refreshing dew shall drop:
The plant, which Thy right hand hath set,
  Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Till Thou hast led me to the place
  Of pure, immortal joy,
The riches of Thy glorious grace
  Shall all my need supply.

Who from eternity decreed
  To glorify His own,
Will not forsake the holy seed,
  Nor take away their crown.

The righteous shall hold on their way,
  Nor miss the promised land:
Jesus shall guard them night and day,
  And hide them in His hand.

Each moment watered by Thy care,
  And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
  The feeblest branch of Thine.

JESUS, LEAD US WITH THY POWER.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, a Calvinistic Methodist, who preached with great effect in Wales, and composed several hymns, chiefly in the Welsh language; d. 1791.

JESUS, lead us with Thy power
Safe into the promised rest;
Hide our souls within Thy bosom;
Let us slumber on Thy breast;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Bread that angels eat above;
Let us drink from the holy fountain
Draughts of everlasting love.

Throughout the desert wild conduct us,
With a glorious pillar bright;
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night;
Be our guide in every peril;
Watch us hourly, night and day,
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

In Thy presence we are happy;
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We will easily endure;

In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish;
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

From the Evening Hymn of Dr. JOHN KEBLE (d. 1866), the second in his *Christian Year* (first published 1827), commencing:—

"'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze."

LORD SELBORNE (No. CCLIX.), the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and other editors, omit the first two stanzas; and, in this abridged form, the hymn is likely to pass into general use, as equal in merit to Bishop Ken's well-known evening-hymn. Alford, in his *Year of Praise*, 1867, No. 314, gives only three verses.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold, —
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord! aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight!

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!

AH! JESUS LET ME HEAR THY VOICE.

ANDREW REED, D.D.; 1787–1862; Independent minister at London, founder of several orphan asylums, and author of popular works. In 1841, he published a Collection of hymns, with twenty-seven compositions of his own.

AH! Jesus, let me hear Thy voice
Fall gently on mine ear;
Thy voice alone can soothe my grief,
And charm away my fear.

Ah! Jesus, let me see Thy face
Beaming with truth and love;
I ask no other heaven below,
No other heaven above.

Ah! Jesus, let me feel Thy grace;
Now hear my earnest cry:
If Thou art absent, oh! behold
I droop, I faint, I die!

"I come, I come!" the Saviour cries,
"To give you full repose;
My presence shall revive your joys,
My frown confound your foes."

I hear His voice! I see His face!
I feel His present grace!
'Tis life, 'tis heaven, 'tis transport, thus
To rest in His embrace.

WHEN IN THE HOUR OF LONELY WOE.

JOSIAH CONDER, an author and publisher; b. in London, 1789; d. 1855. One of the best modern hymn-writers. From the revised edition of his *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*, 1855.

WHEN in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrow leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made, —
Oh! this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

Jesus! in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail?

But oh! be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

IN THY SERVICE WILL I EVER.

(*Bei Dir, Jesu, will ich bleiben.*)

"I will abide with thee." From the German of SPITTA, 1833, by RICHARD MASSIE, 1860.

IN Thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go Thy way.

Life in me Thy life produces,
And gives vigor to my heart,
As the vine doth living juices
To the purple grape impart.

Could I be in other places
Half so happy as with Thee,
Who so many gifts and graces
Hast Thyself prepared for me?
No place could be half so fitted
To impart true joy, I ween,
Since to Thee, O Lord! committed
Power in heaven and earth hath been.

Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And retrieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, by His own blood?
Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave?
Were it not a foul dishonor
Not to love Him to the grave?

Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am sighing
For my summons to depart;
He is best prepared for dying
Who in life is Thine in heart.

Let Thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, O my Saviour! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fills my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

O HAPPY HOUSE!

(O selig Haus, wo man Dich aufgenommen.)

From the German of C. J. PH. SPITTA (d. 1859), *Psalter und Harfe*, Leipzig, 1833, p. 100. A beautiful description of a Christian household, from the personal experience of the lovely author, on the words "Salvation is come to this house" (Luke xix. 9). *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, p. 121, slightly altered, in conformity to the original. Another translation by R. MASSIE: "O happy house! O home supremely blest!"

O HAPPY house! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place;

Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
In faith, and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can ever part
The holy union here begun;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
And live before Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer, —
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise;
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and lowly,
Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

O happy house! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free;
O happy house! where every wound is brought—
Physician, Comforter — to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's work ended,
All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

CHIEF OF SINNERS THOUGH I BE.

WILLIAM MCCOMB (b. 1793), a bookseller in Belfast. His poetical works were published 1864.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died, that I might live on high;
Lived, that I might never die.
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

Oh! the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not.

Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven;
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me:
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

O my Saviour, help afford,
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply,
While I live, and when I die.

ON THEE, O JESUS!

DR. HORATIUS BONAR. From his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866. "Fellowship with Christ."

ON Thee, O Jesus! strongly leaning,
I calmly onward go;
No cloud, no coldness, intervening,
To damp love's blessed glow.

In Thee for ever, Lord, abiding,
I feel that all is well;
Within Thy love for ever hiding,
Who can my gladness tell?

True Light of light, for ever shining,
I hail Thy happy ray;
Bright Sun of suns, still undeclining,
'Tis Thou who mak'st my day!
Without Thee life and time are sadness,
No fragrance breathes around;
But with Thee even grief is gladness,
My heart its home hath found.

In Thee my soul is sweetly resting,
My hand takes hold of Thine;
My hope is ever upward hasting, —
And Thou, and Thou, art mine!
My refuge from each storm that rages,
From wind and wave and war,
My home throughout eternal ages,
Above yon sparkling star!

My hope, my joy, my peace, my glory,
My first, my last, my all,
Great theme of the unending story
In yon celestial hall!
Great theme above of song and wonder
In ages yet to come,
True theme below while here we wander,
Alas, how cold and dumb!

LORD! LET MY HEART.

From the *Psalms and Hymns* of the Plymouth Brethren, 1842. Falsely ascribed to LADY POWERSCOURT.

LORD! let my heart still turn to Thee,
In all my hours of waking thought,
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

In every hour of pain and woe,
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst and tears will flow,
Lord, hush the sigh and chase the tear.

In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do Thou, dear Jesus, present be;
Nor let a thought of happiness
On earth intrude, apart from Thee!

To my last lingering thought at night,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near;
And ere the dawn of opening light
In still small accents wake mine ear.

Whene'er I read Thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine;
And let me say, "This precious Lord
In all His full salvation's mine."

And when before the throne I kneel,
  Hear from that throne of grace my prayer,
And let each hope of heaven I feel
  Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.

Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee
  In every hour of waking thought;
Nor let me ever wish to be,
  Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

THAT MYSTIC WORD OF THINE.

The soul's answer to the words of Christ: "Abide in Me, and I in you" (John xv. 4). By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. From her *Religious Poems*, p. 30, Boston, 1867, with an additional verse.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
  Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
  I breathe it back again in *prayer* to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
  From this good hour, O, leave me nevermore!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
  The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
  Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire,
  And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine:
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.[1]

Abide in me: there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

"When I awake, I am still with Thee." By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Religious Poems*, p. 88, Boston, 1867.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;

[1] This verse, though omitted in the volume of Mrs. Stowe's collected *Poems*, and in the *Plymouth Collection*, belongs to the poem as originally written. So the authoress informed the Editor, in response to an inquiry, Sept. 11, 1868, in which she kindly permits him to use several of her compositions, as "attempts at that great harmony in which one day all shall be one."

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I AM WITH THEE.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake, and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I AM WITH THEE!

JESUS! I LIVE TO THEE.

By Dr. HENRY HARBAUGH, Professor of Theology, at Mercersburg, Pa.; b. 1817; d. Dec. 27, 1867, in the midst of his strength and usefulness. His last intelligible words, on waking from a slumber, were: "You have called me back from the golden gates, from the verge of my heavenly home." Rom. xiv. 8: "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

JESUS! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best!
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine:
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

O BLESSED LORD!

"Far off, yet near." By A. D. F. RANDOLPH; b. 1820; publisher and bookseller in New York; written 1864, published 1868.

O BLESSED Lord!
Once more, as at the opening of the day,
I read Thy word,
And now, in all I read, I hear Thee say,
"To those who love, I will be ever near;"
And yet, while this I hear,
To me, O LORD, Thou seemest far away!

Thou Sovereign ONE,
Greater than mightiest kings, can it be fear
Or blinding sun
Made by Thy glory, so if Thou art here
I cannot see Thee; yet this Word declares
That whoso loves and bears
Thy Holy Name, shall have Thee ever near!

I bear Thy name:
That love, dear LORD, have I not long confessed?
Thy love's the same,
As when, like John, I leaned upon Thy breast,
And knew I loved; oh, which of us has changed?
Am I from Thee estranged?
O LORD, Thou changest not: I know the rest!

My doubting heart
Trembles with its own weakness, and afraid
I dwell apart
From Thee, on whom alone my hope is stayed:
I would, and yet I do not know Thy will
And perfect love; am still
Trusting myself, to be by self betrayed.

O blessed LORD!
Far off, yet near, on me new grace bestow
As on Thy Word
I go to meet Thee; even now I know
Thou nearer art than when my quest began;
One cry, and Thy feet ran
To meet me; LORD, I will not let Thee go!

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"I AM the living Bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever." — JOHN vi. 51.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." — 1 JOHN i. 7.

"Take, eat: this is My body." — MATT. xxvi. 26.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" — 1 COR. x. 16.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst ordain, in the blessed sacrament, a perpetual memorial of Thy bitter passion and atoning death, and dost invite us to Thy table, that our souls may be nourished by Thee, the Bread of eternal life: grant unto us, we beseech Thee, such faith in Thy promise, and such discernment of Thy holy mysteries, that we may receive the full fruition of Thy redeeming love, and attain at last, with all saints, to the marriage supper of the Lamb, in the kingdom of glory above, where Thou livest and reignest, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

"PANGUE, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium."

THOMAS AQUINAS. 1274.

"O QUAM sanctus panis iste!
Tu solus es, JESU CHRISTE,
Caro, cibus, sacramentum,
Quo non maius est inventum.

Salutare medicamen,
Peccatorum relevamen,
Pasce nos, a malis leva,
Duc nos, ubi est lux Tua."

From JOANNIS HUSSI *Carmen de Cœna Sacra* (DANIEL, II. 370). 1414.

"Here, in figure represented,
See the Passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most Holy,
As for our redemption slain;
Here the Saviour's Body, broken,
Here the Blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic Food of life eternal,
See for our refreshment spread.
Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayers be poured;
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God Incarnate be adored.
Holy Jesu! for Thy coming
May Thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly;
Enter, Lord, and tarry there."

From J. W. Hewett, 1863.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

O LAMB OF GOD WHO, BLEEDING.

(*O Lamm Gottes unschuldig.*)

A popular German communion-hymn of NIKOLAUS DECIUS, written 1523: based on John i. 29, and upon the old Latin mass-song, "Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis" (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 107). Translated by Prof. THOMAS C. PORTER, Easton, Pa.

O LAMB of God who, bleeding,
Upon the cross didst languish,
Nor scorn nor malice heeding,
So patient in Thine anguish,
On Thee our guilt was lying;
Thou savedst us by dying:
Have mercy on us, Lord Jesus![1]

[1] "O Lamm Gottes unschuldig,
Am Stamm des Kreuzes geschlachtet,
Allzeit funden geduldig,
Wiewohl Du warst verachtet,
All' Sünd' hast Du getragen;
Sonst müssten wir verzagen:
Erbarm' Dich unser, o Jesu!"

SING, MY TONGUE.

(Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium.)

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, the greatest divine of the Middle Ages, called the "Angelic Doctor;" d. 1274, 48 years old, on a journey from Paris to Lyons. DANIEL, I. 251; WACKERNAGEL, I. 145. This is the shorter of his two famous eucharistic hymns (the other being "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem," in DANIEL, II. 97), which are used in the Roman-Catholic Church on the feast of *Corpus Christi* and in solemn masses. Although it strongly savors of transubstantiation (ver. 4), it could not be omitted in this Collection. It "contests the second place, among the hymns of the Western Church, with the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Jesu dulcis Memoria*, and a few others, leaving the *Dies Iræ* in its unapproachable glory" (NEALE). The translation is based upon that of Dr. NEALE (*Mediæval Hymns*, p. 178), which commences: "Of the glorious Body telling," and which, with various modifications, has passed into some recent Anglican hymn-books, as the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 203, and *The People's Hymnal*, No. 166. There are other translations, by Dr. PUSEY, WACKERBARTH, CASWALL, ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, &c. The "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem" (which we must omit, on account of its length) has also been repeatedly rendered into German and English, more recently by E. C. BENEDICT (in the *Hymn of Hildebert*, &c., New York, 1868, p. 93). NEALE (l.c. p. 176) gives a version of a third eucharistic hymn of ST. THOMAS: "Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas," which was never in public use. I quote from it the following verse:—

> "O most sweet memorial of His death and woe,
> Living Bread, which givest life to man below,
> Let my spirit ever eat of Thee, and live,
> And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give!"

SING, my tongue, the mystery telling,
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's eternal King,
In a noble womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Of a Virgin condescending
To be born for us below,

He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow;
Then He closed, with wondrous ending,
His appointed course of woe.

At the last Great Supper lying,
Circled by His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Meekly finished its command;
Then, immortal food supplying,
Gave Himself with His own hand.

God incarnate, bread He maketh
By His word His flesh to be;
Who by faith that cup partaketh,
Tastes the Blood of Calvary:
Though the carnal sense forsaketh,
Faith beholds the mystery.[1]

---

[1] This stanza must, of course, be taken with considerable allowance by the Protestant reader. I have taken some liberty, and inserted "by faith," which is not in the original. It has severely tried the skill of translators. See the interesting note in NEALE, pp. 180, 181. I append the Latin, with the two closest versions:—

"Verbum caro, panem verum ver' o carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum; etsi sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum sola fides sufficit."

CASWALL:

"Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns"

NEALE:

"Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very Bread His Flesh to be;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh;
And, if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the Mystery."

Therefore at the altar bending,
We this sacrament revere,
Ancient shadows have their ending,
Where the substance doth appear;
Faith, her aid to vision lending,
Tells that Christ unseen is here.

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father and the Son;
Honor, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done!

In "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem," THOMAS AQUINAS expresses, with equal clearness, his belief in the mystery of the real presence, which Protestants can adopt only in a spiritual (though none the less real) sense, and divested of all materialistic conceptions (John vi. 63):—

"Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem.
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur."

"Wondrous truth to Christians given,
Bread becomes His Flesh from heaven,
To His Blood is turned the Wine.
Sight hath failed, nor thought conceiveth;
But a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a power Divine.

Whoso of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh:
Christ is whole to all that taste.
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him who cannot waste."

SING, AND THE MYSTERY DECLARE.

(*Pange, lingua, gloriosi.*)

Another version, or transfusion rather, of the preceding hymn of THOMAS AQUINAS, kindly prepared for this Collection by the Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER, New York, Aug. 19, 1868.

SING, and the mystery declare;
Sing of the glorious Body slain;
And of the Blood beyond compare,—
Price of the world,—that not in vain
He, sole of men pure born, hath shed;
He, of the nations King and Head.

To us was born the Christ of God;
A Virgin's Son to us was given;
And, while the earth His footsteps trod,
Abroad He sowed the seed of heaven;
Then, when drew near His destined hour,
Ordained this rite of wondrous power.

'Twas on the last night of the feast,
Reclining with His faithful few,
Of ancient laws, e'en to the least,
Each word obeyed with service true,
Himself He gave with His own hand
The Bread of Life to all the band.

The incarnate Word, in broken bread,
  His body broken there did show;
And in the wine His blood, once shed
  From guilt to cleanse, to save from woe;
Where falters sense, faith trusts His word,
And souls sincere receive the Lord.[1]

Before this noblest sacrifice,
  In reverent love we lowly bow;
No more the appointed victim dies,
  But shadow yields to substance now;
While faith, that want of sight supplies,
Lifts to the Cross her trustful eyes!

Now to the Father and the Son,
  And Spirit sent by each, shall be
All worship, honor, homage done,
  By all that live, eternally;
Unto the Three in One be given
An equal praise, in earth and heaven.

---

[1] Here the doctrinal difficulty of the original is happily overcome: the form is changed, but the substance (i.e. the spiritual real presence, and the spiritual real fruition of the Lord by faith) remains, and should never be exchanged for the jejune and rationalistic notion of a purely figurative presence of Christ in the ordinances of His own appointment. He is the Head of the Church, "which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all," and has solemnly pledged His presence to the end of the world.

O BREAD OF LIFE FROM HEAVEN!

(*O esca viatorum, O panis angelorum, O manna cœlitum.*)

From an anonymous mediæval hymn, *De Sanctissimo Sacramento*, in DANIEL, II. 369. A less literal version, by Dr. RAY PALMER, "O Bread to pilgrims given" (in the Andover *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, No. 1051, where the original is, without good reason, ascribed to THOMAS AQUINAS). Another in SHIPLEY'S *Lyra Eucharistica* (p. 174), "O Food that weary pilgrims love!"

O BREAD of Life from heaven
To saints and angels given,
O Manna from above!
The souls that hunger feed Thou,
The hearts that seek Thee lead Thou,
With Thy sweet, tender love.

O Fount of grace redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesu's holy side!
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;

Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore.[1]

DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL.

(*Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele.*)

JOHANN FRANCK (a lawyer; d., at Guben, Prussia, 1677). 1650. One of the richest German communion-hymns. SCHAFF, *G. H. B.*, No. 262. Translated by C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.* II. 133).

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness;
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor;
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him, whose boundless grace
Grants thee at His feast a place;
He whom all the heavens obey
Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
Who with words of life immortal
Now is knocking at thy portal;

[1] "O Jesu, tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie,
Fac, ut, remoto velo,
Aperta nos in cœlo
Cernamus acie."

Haste to make for Him a way,
Cast thee at His feet, and say:
Since, O Lord! Thou com'st to me,
Never will I turn from Thee.

Ah, how hungers all my spirit,
For the love I do not merit!
Ah, how oft with sighs fast thronging
For this food have I been longing!
How have thirsted in the strife
For this draught, O Prince of Life!
Wished, O Friend of man! to be
Ever one with God through Thee!

Here I sink before Thee, lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder;
On this banquet's mystery,
On the depths we cannot see;
Far beyond all mortal sight
Lie the secrets of Thy might.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth!
Here I fall before Thy feet:
Grant me worthily to eat
Of this blessed heavenly food,
To Thy praise and to my good.

Jesus, Bread of Life from Heaven,
Never be Thou vainly given,
Nor I to my hurt invited;
Be Thy love with love requited;
Let me learn its depths indeed,
While on Thee my soul doth feed;
Let me here, so richly blest,
Be hereafter, too, Thy guest.

SUFFERING SAVIOUR, LAMB OF GOD

By Joseph Hart, 1762.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast Thou been usèd!
With the Almighty's wrathful rod
Soul and body bruisèd!

We, for whom Thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce Thee,
Now commemorate Thy pain,
And implore Thy mercy.

We would with Thee sympathize
In Thy bitter passion;
With soft hearts and weeping eyes
See Thy great salvation.

Thine's an everlasting love:
We have dearly tried Thee.
Whom have we in heaven above,
Whom on earth, beside Thee?

What can helpless sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto
But the blood of Jesus.

Pardon all our baseness, Lord,
All our weakness pity;
Guide us safely by Thy word
To the heavenly city.

Oh! sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary;
Feed us with Thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

Bid us call to mind Thy cross
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feed us thus;
For we need it often.

'TWAS ON THAT DARK NIGHT.

By Dr. ISAAC WATTS; b. at Southampton, 1674; d. in London, 1748. 1 Cor. xi. 23. The hymn has seven verses, but verses four and five are usually omitted.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes:

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"This is My Body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"This the new covenant in My Blood.

"Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My Table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage Supper of the Lamb.

IN MEMORY OF THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

1805. A cento from "Blest'd with the Presence of their God," by Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL, born 1779, died 1823.

IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

By faith we take the Bread of Life,
With which our souls are fed;
The Cup, in token of His Blood
That was for sinners shed.

Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

BODY OF JESUS, O SWEET FOOD!

By A. C. COXE, D.D.; b. 1818; bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Western New York. This piece was written in 1858, at St. James's College, Maryland (which was broken up, by the civil war, in 1864), and printed on a slip of paper, with the text, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee" (1 Kings xix. 7).

BODY of Jesus, O sweet food!
Blood of my Saviour, precious Blood!
On these Thy gifts, Eternal Priest,
Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

Weary and faint I thirst and pine
For Thee my Bread, for Thee my Wine,
Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of GOD.

There clad in white, with crown and palm,
At the great Supper of the Lamb,
Be mine with all Thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon Thy breast.

Saviour, till then, I fain would know
That feast above by this below,
This Bread of Life, this wondrous food,
Thy Body and Thy precious Blood.

O GOD, UNSEEN YET EVER NEAR!

E. OSLER, F. L. S. (1836), born at Falmouth, England, 1798, died at Truro, 1863. A surgeon by profession. Most of his hymns appeared in a monthly periodical, *Church and King*, 1836, 1837.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel!
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God! are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

JESU, TO THY TABLE LED.

The Rev. ROBERT HALL BAYNES; b. at Wellington, Somerset, England, 1831; studied at Oxford; editor of *Lyra Anglicana*, and the *Canterbury Hymnal*. 1863.

JESU, to Thy Table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide!

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

BY CHRIST REDEEMED.

By GEORGE RAWSON, a solicitor, born at Leeds, 1807, died 1889. This hymn appeared first in 1858, in Baptist *Psalms and Hymns*.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

His Body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this Memorial Bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last Advent we unite —
The shame, the glory — by this rite,
Until He come.

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great, commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come.

LO, THE FEAST IS SPREAD TO-DAY!

Dr. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. 1845. From his *Year of Praise* Lond. 1867, No. 152.

LO, the feast is spread to-day!
Jesus summons, come away!
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared;
Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessèd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast;
Blessèd who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed.
Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.

Make, then, once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice;
Servants, do your Master's will;
Bidden guests, His table fill;
Come, before His wrath shall swear:
Ye shall never enter there.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

"We love Him, because He first loved us." — 1 JOHN iv. 19.

"The love of Christ constraineth us. . . . He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." — 2 COR. v. 14, 15.

O BLESSED SAVIOUR, whose love to sinners passeth the comprehension of men and of angels, and will be the theme of grateful praise throughout the ages of eternity: impress upon us, we beseech Thee, such a deep and abiding sense of our indebtedness for Thy great salvation, that we may wholly live to Thy glory, and serve Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, until we join in the songs of Thy redeemed army in heaven where, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou art worshipped and glorified world without end. Amen.

"I CANNOT love Thee as I would,
Yet pardon me, O Highest Good!
My life, and all I call mine own,
I lay before Thy mercy-throne:
And if a thousand lives were mine,
O sweetest Lord! they should be Thine;
And scanty would the offering be,
So richly hast Thou loved me."

From the German.

XAVIER'S HYMN.

1.

O Deus, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te
Æterno punis igne.

2.

Tu, Tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,

3

Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores,
Ac mortem, et hæc propter me.
Ac pro me peccatore.

4.

Cur igitur non amem Te,
O Jesu amantissime!
Non, ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me;

5.

Nec præmii ullius spe
Sed sicut Tu amasti me;
Sic amo et amabo Te,
Solum, quia Rex meus es.

Daniel, II. 335.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS!

(*Jesus, dulcedo cordium.*)

A free and happy transfusion of selected stanzas from St. BERNARD'S "Jesu dulcis memoria," 1153 (see pp. 405-409), by the Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER, prepared, 1858, for the Andover *Sabbath Hymn-Book*. The first verse corresponds to the fourth in the Latin: "Jesus, dulcedo cordium, Fons veri, Lumen mentium," &c. Lord SELBORNE has given this hymn a place among the communion-hymns in his collection (No. 296), with the note "Anonymous [1860]. From St. Bernard."

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus! ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

(Cor meum Tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime.)

From a charming Latin poem, of uncertain date and authorship, in DANIEL'S *Thes.* II. 370, freely and happily reproduced by the Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER, for this Collection, Aug. 20, 1868. I know of no other English version.

I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired:
Thou hearts alone would'st move;
Thou only hearts dost love.
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the God, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine!
"Give me thy heart, My son:"
Behold my heart, — 'tis done!
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee:[1]
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest:
In Thee, the riven Rock,[2]
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found.
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

---

[1] Cor Tuum est apertum ut intrem libere,
Ut cordi cor insertum condatur intime."

[2] "In petræ hoc foramine," an allusion to Cant. ii. 14, in its allegorical sense; to which, also, Toplady's "Rock of ages, cleft

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

(*O Deus, ego amo Te, Nec amo Te ut salves me.*)

A free translation of the "Suspirium amoris" of FRANCIS XAVIER, "the apostle of the Indies;" b. in Spain, 1506; d. in China, 1552; one of the most devoted and successful missionaries of the Roman-Catholic Church, burning with the love of Christ and the love of souls, which is the essence of true piety, whether Catholic or Protestant. The translation is substantially that of E. CASWALL (*Lyra Catholica*, p. 338): "My God, I love Thee, — not because," with a few changes and an additional verse. The poem was written in Latin, but soon translated into the Spanish, from which DIEFFENBROCK's German version (DANIEL, IV. 347) was made. See the Latin on p. 602; and in DANIEL, II. p. 335, without name, — the authorship of Xavier being doubtful.

JESUS, I love Thee, — not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.

I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast lovèd me.

---

for me," may be referred. St. Bernard says: "Foramina petræ, vulnera Christi." In the anonymous hymn, "Ecquis binas columbinas" (DANIEL, II. 344; TRENCH, p. 150), the following beautiful stanza occurs: —

"Et profunde me reconde
Intra sacra vulnera;
In supernâ me cavernâ
Colloca maceriæ.
Hic viventi, quiescenti
Finis est miseriæ."

For me to lowest depths of woe
  Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross and shame
  And manifold disgrace.

For me didst suffer pains unknown,
  Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself, — all, all for me,
  Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine!
  Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
  Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
  Nor seeking a reward, —
But freely, fully, as Thyself
  Hast lovèd me, O Lord!

Even so I love Thee and will love,
  And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
  And my eternal King.

JESUS, I LOVE THEE EVERMORE.

(*O Deus, ego amo Te, Nam prior Tu amasti me.*)

From an anonymous Latin poem in DANIEL, II. 335, similar to the preceding one of Xavier, translated by the Hon. E. C. BENEDICT, New York, August, 1868. Contributed.

JESUS, I love Thee evermore,
For Thou hast loved me, Lord, before;
I have no freedom but to be
A willing slave, dear Lord, to Thee.

Let memory, then, no thought retain,
Except the glory of Thy reign;
Nor let my mind desire below
Aught but the love of Christ to know.

I cannot have a wish or thought,
Except to love Thee as I ought;
What, by Thy gracious gift, is mine,
With joy I freely make it Thine.

From Thee I have, to Thee I give,
In Thy commands, oh, let me live!
My wants will then be all supplied,
For all are only dreams beside.

O LORD! I LOVE THEE.

(*Herzlich lieb hab ich Dich, o Herr.*)

MARTIN SCHALLING, a pupil of Melancthon, and pastor in the Palatinate. 1571. Based on Ps. 18 and 73: a favorite hymn of Spener, Gellert, the Duchess of Orleans (daughter of Louis Philippe), and others. SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 310. Other versions, by MILLS (*Horæ Germ.*, p. 80): "I love Thee, Lord, with love sincere;" C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 218): "Lord, all my heart is fixed on Thee." The following preserves the measure of the original.

O LORD! I love Thee from my heart;
I pray Thee never more depart,
With help and grace to cheer me;
I scorn the richest earthly lot;
E'en heaven itself attracts me not,
If I can feel Thee near me.
Through all my heart's severest pains,
In Thee my confidence remains;
That Saviour shall my comfort be
Who by His blood hath purchased me.
O Jesus Christ, my God and Lord,
My God and Lord!
Be near, according to Thy Word.

Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy free bounty gave
My body, soul, and all I have
In this poor life of mine;

That I may spend them in Thy praise,
And use, and service all my days.
  Give me Thy grace divine!
Guard me when heresies arise,
And shield from Satan's murderous lies:
For all my crosses strengthen me:
Then shall I bear them patiently.
  O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
    My Lord and God!
  Comfort my soul beneath its load.

Ah! Lord, let Thy dear angels fly,
At last, and bear my soul on high,
  On Abraham's breast to stay;
My flesh, in its dark sleeping-room,
Rest softly where no ill shall come
  Until the Judgment-day.
Then from the dead awaken me,
That these glad eyes may look on Thee.
O Jesus, God's eternal Son!
My Saviour! on Thy glorious throne.
  Lord Jesus Christ, my prayer attend,
    My prayer attend,
  And I will praise Thee without end.

JESUS, THY BOUNDLESS LOVE TO ME.

(O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht.)

Freely condensed from a German hymn of PAUL GERHARDT, 1653, which is based upon a meditation and prayer in JOHN ARNDT'S *Paradiesgärtlein*. SAVILE gives it, in his *Lyra Sacra*, without the name of the translator. See the original in WACKERNAGEL'S ed. of P. GERHARDT'S *Geistliche Lieder*, 1855, p. 174 (sixteen stanzas, of eight lines each), and partly in KNAPP'S *Liederschatz*, 3d ed., No. 1813 (twelve of eight lines each), and partly in KNAPP'S *Liederschatz*, 3d ed., No. 1813 (twelve stanzas). The translation is by JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare.
O knit my thankful heart to Thee
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame!

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

Still let Thy love point out my way!
  What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
  Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
  In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
  Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

I PLACE AN OFFERING.

"The perfect sacrifice." From the French of Madame JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE LA MOTHE GUYON, by WILLIAM COWPER. Madame G. was born 1648, d. 1717 one of the most interesting characters in the history of mysticism and religious enthusiasm; devoted to the system of quietism and the principle of disinterested love to God; much defamed, persecuted, and imprisoned for heresy and eccentricity, but defended by Fénélon. She wrote many works, and a large number of hymns distinguished for graceful composition and exquisite sensibility, though not free from pious extravagance Some of the latter were admirably translated by Cowper. We select the best.

I PLACE an offering at Thy shrine
  From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
  Of all that I hold dear.

I yield Thee back Thy gifts again,
  Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
  The notice of Thine eyes.

But if, by Thine adored decree,
  That blessing be denied,
Resigned and unreluctant, see
  My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
  Exalted or cast down;
Thy will in every state I love,
  And even in Thy frown.

THE LORD OF ALL THINGS.

From the French of Madame DE LA MOTHE GUYON, by WILLIAM COWPER. Select lines from her poem on the *Nativity*, arranged in stanzas by the Editor.

THE Lord of all things, in His humble birth,
  Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

All, all have lost the charms they once possessed;
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast:
From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour but Himself alone:
Whate'er I render Thee, from Thee it came,
And, if I give my body to the flame,

My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit, all are Thine.
Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe Thee still the more.

The more I love Thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;
Till, on a deluge of Thy mercy tossed,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

YES: I WILL ALWAYS LOVE.

From the French of Madame GUYON, translated by COWPER. Part of a poem commencing: "Ye linnets, let us try beneath this grove." We must omit the poem from her prison, "O Thou! by long experience tried," where the beautiful passage occurs: —

"My country, Lord, art Thou alone:
No other can I claim my own:
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet."

YES: I will always love, and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
  Lord of my soul! that they might all be Thine?
If Thou approve, — the zeal Thy smile imparts,
  How should it ever fail? Can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
  Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze;
Eternal love a God must needs inspire,
  When once He wins the heart, and fits it for His praise.

Self-love dismissed, — 'tis then we live indeed;
  In her embrace, death, only death is found:
Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed;
  Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is bound.

O, I would cry, that all the world might hear,
  Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone;
Let His unequalled excellence be dear,
  Dear to your inmost souls, and make Him all your own!

O LOVE DIVINE.

CHARLES WESLEY. "Desiring to Love." First printed in Lamp's *Hymns on the Great Festivals*, &c., 1746, and next in Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
  When shall I find my willing heart

All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !

Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part !

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove :
Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord ! and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

JESUS, I LOVE THY NAME.

PH. DODDRIDGE, d. 1751. "Christ precious to the Believer." 1 Peter ii. 7.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes: Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

COMPARED WITH CHRIST.

By Augustus Montague Toplady. 1772. "Christ all in all."

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.
The sense of Thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for Thee alone
I absolutely pray.

Whatever else Thy will withholds,
  Here grant me to succeed:
O let Thyself my portion be,
  And I am blest indeed!
Less than Thyself will not suffice
  My comfort to restore:
More than Thyself I cannot have;
  And Thou canst give no more.

Loved of my God, for Him again
  With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee e'er time began,
  I choose Thee in return.
Whate'er consists not with Thy love,
  Oh teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
  If Thou, O God! art mine.

WHEN THIS PASSING WORLD IS DONE.

The Rev. ROBERT MURRAY McCHEYNE; b. 1813, d. 1843; one of the most earnest of modern Scottish preachers. "Our Indebtedness to Christ." The text from ROGERS, p. 381.

WHEN this passing world is done,
  When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink, —
Then, Lord, shall I fully know, -
Not till then, — how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart, —
Then, Lord, shall I fully know, —
Not till then, — how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know, —
Not till then, — how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,

Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise;
The Spirit comes — the tempter flies;
Blessèd Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain:
But a night Thine anger burns;
Morning comes and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

OH HOW COULD I FORGET HIM?

(Wie könnt' ich Sein vergessen.)

From the German of GOTTLOB CHRISTIAN KERN, a highly accomplished and deeply pious Evangelical pastor in the kingdom of Würtemberg, d. 1835. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. This beautiful hymn was written for the holy communion. See verse 4.

OH how could I forget Him
Who ne'er forgetteth me?
Or tell the love that let Him
Come down to set me free?
I lay in darkest sadness,
Till He made all things new;
And still fresh love and gladness
Flow from that heart so true.

Oh how could I e'er leave Him
Who is so kind a Friend?
Or how could ever grieve Him
Who thus to me doth bend?
Have I not seen Him dying
For us on yonder tree?
Do I not hear Him crying:
Arise and follow Me!

For ever will I love Him
Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move Him,
And brought me life and light:

Whose arm shall be around me
When my last hour is come,
And suffer none to wound me,
Though dark the passage home.

He gives me pledges holy,
His body and His blood.
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
He makes my courage good;
For He will reign within me,
And shed His graces there:
The heaven He died to win me
Can I then fail to share?

In joy and sorrow ever
Shine through me, Blessed Heart,
Who bleeding for us never
Didst shrink from sorest smart!
Whate'er I've loved or striven
Or borne, I bring to Thee;
Now let Thy heart and heaven
Stand open, Lord, to me!

O ABIDE, ABIDE IN JESUS!

(*Bleibt bei Dem, der euretwillen.*)

"Abide in Jesus." By PH. SPITTA, d. 1859. From *Psalter und Harfe*, 1833. Translated by R. MASSIE, 1860.

O ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
Who for us bare griefs untold,

And Himself, from pain to ease us,
Suffered pangs a thousand-fold!
Bide with Him who still abideth
When all else shall pass away,
And as Judge supreme presideth
In that dread and awful day.

All is dying: hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once fast bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking,
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

Every thing we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave,
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave:
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow;
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
"Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"

O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!

MORE THAN ALL.

(*Eines wünsch ich mir vor allem andern.*)

The best hymn of ALBERT KNAPP, one of the most fertile German poets (d. at Stuttgart, 1864); written, 1823, for a catechumen; first published 1829, and since introduced into several hymn-books (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 170). Translated, at the request of the editor, for the first time, by Prof. THOS. C. PORTER, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., April 13, 1868.

MORE than all, one thing my heart is craving,
As my food by night or day;
With it blessèd and all trials braving,
Through this wilderness we stray:
Ever on the Man to gaze adoring,
Who, with bloody sweat and tears, imploring,
On His face submissive sank,
And the Father's chalice drank.

Ever shall mine eyes, His form retaining,
View the Lamb once slain for me,
As He yonder, pale and uncomplaining,
Hangs upon the bitter tree;
As He thirsting, wrestled in His anguish,
That in hell my soul might never languish, —
Of me thinking, when His cry,
"It is finished!" rose on high.

O my Saviour! never shall Thy kindness,
Nor my guilt, forgotten be:
When I sat a stranger in my blindness,
Thou didst still remember me;
For Thy sheep Thou long hadst interceded,
Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was heeded,
And — a costly ransom-price! —
Bought me with Thy sacrifice.

I am Thine! Say Thou, "Amen, for ever!"
Blessed Jesus, mine Thou art!
Let Thy precious name escape me never;
Stamp it burning on my heart.
With Thee all things bearing and achieving;
In Thee both to live and die, believing:
This our solemn covenant be,
Till my spirit rest in Thee!

LOVEST THOU ME?

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

"LOVEST thou Me?" I hear my Saviour say:
Would that my heart had power to answer "Yea!
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above
And earth beneath: Thou knowest that I love."

But 'tis not so: in word, in deed, in thought
I do not, cannot, love Thee as I ought:

Thy love must give that power, Thy love alone;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own:
Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,
Reflected on Thyself, I would love Thee.

JESU, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL.

By the Rev. HENRY COLLINS. Passed over from the Church of England to the Roman Catholic Communion in 1857. Published *Hymns for Missions*, 1854, of which the following piece, and "Jesu, meek and lowly," are by him. The opening line, "Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All," had been used by F. W. Faber in a hymn for the Communion, 1849.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call:
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song:
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more!

JESUS, THESE EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN.

The Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER. Christ loved unseen. 1 Peter i. 8. From *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*. New York, 1865. Written, 1858, for the Andover *Sabbath Hymn-Book*.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, — and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

THAT HOLY ONE.

"Consider Him." By A. D. F. Randolph. Written Sept., 1867. Contributed

THAT Holy One,
Who came to earth for thee, —
Oh strangest thing beneath the sun,
That He, by any mortal one,
Forgotten e'er should be!

The Son of God,
Who pity had on thee;

Who turned aside the smiting rod,
And all alone the Garden trod, —
Forgotten shall He be?

The blessed Lord,
Who came to die for thee,
Whom Jew and Gentile then abhorred,
While heavenly hosts His name adored, —
Forgotten can He be?

That Brother, Friend,
Who daily waits on thee;
Who every want doth comprehend
With love divine that has no end, —
Forgotten can He be?

O Patient One!
Thou speakest thus to me:
"Oh strangest thing beneath the sun,
That thou, for whom so much is done,
Shouldst oft forgetful be!"

My Lord. I know
What truth Thou say'st to me:
Forgive my sin, on me bestow
Such grace, as hence to all will show
I do consider Thee.

FOR EVER WITH CHRIST.

"In My Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you." — John xiv. 2.

"Where I am, there shall also My servant be." — John xii. 26.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord." — 1 Thess. iv. 17.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." — 1 Cor. ii. 9.

"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." — 1 John iii. 2.

What no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been,
In its noblest flights, conferred, —
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

Dr. Lange (Germany)

For ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

James Montgomery (England).

"I would not live alway!" no longer I sing;
Live alway I shall, whilst Jesus is King:
United to Him, His righteousness mine,
My life bound in His, no fate shall untwine.
Ne'er till sin enters heaven, and Death wields his rod,
Defiant, enthroned in the palace of God;
Not till heaven's a graveyard, and Christ lies there slain, —
Shall I cease in His glory, and with Him to reign.

Dr. Muhlenberg. Postscript to his "I would not live alway." 1868.

"LET not your heart be troubled," Jesus said,
"My Father's house hath mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with Me there."

H. BEECHER STOWE.

I THANK Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more, —
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

YET one pang, searching and sore,
And then heaven for ever more:
Yet one moment awful and dark,
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark;
Yet one effort by Christ, His grace,
Then Christ for ever face to face.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

FOR EVER WITH CHRIST.

MY HOME IN HEAVEN ALONE.

(*Μούνη μοι πάτρη περιλείπετο.*)

Trsl. from the Greek of Bishop GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN (d. 390), a great pulpit orator and divine, who divided his life between the silence of monastic seclusion and the tumult of public usefulness. He was one of the ablest defenders of the Divinity of Christ, and presided over the second Ecumenical Council, at Constantinople, 381, but voluntarily resigned. Deeply lamenting the evils and distractions of the Church of his age, he longed for eternal rest in Christ. He wrote a large number of verses, mostly descriptive of his own life and the times in which he lived, also odes, and a drama on the Suffering Saviour. In the following poem, he struggles, from the depth of his complaints and fears, after the loss of father, mother, brother, and sister, into the light of God. It commences: *Ποῦ δὲ λόγοι πτεροέντες; εἰς ἀέρα*, "Where are the winged words? Lost in the air." The first six lines are omitted. See the Greek in GREGORY'S *Opera*, I. 77, and in DANIEL, III. 11. Another English version, by Mrs. CHARLES.

MY home in heaven alone to me remains,
The floods of faction o'er my country sweep;
For my uncertain feet, the land retains
No resting-place, no friend to weep;
No child to soothe the homeless poor forlorn;
I wander day by day with trembling limbs and torn.

What lot awaits me? What my mortal doom?
Where shall this jaded body find its rest?
Shall this poor trembling flesh e'er find a tomb?
By whom shall these dim eyes in death be blest?

Will any watch? Will any pity me?
Will they be Christian watchers? Or shall sinners see?

Or shall no grave inclose this mortal frame,
When laid a heavy breathless corpse of clay?
Cast on the rock uncovered and in shame,
Or tossed in scorn to birds and beasts of prey?
Or burnt to ashes, given to the air?
Or thrown into the weedy deep to perish there?

Thy will be done, O Lord! That day shall spring,
When at Thy word this clay shall re-appear!
No death I dread but that which sin will bring;
No fire or flood without Thy wrath I fear;
For Thou, O Christ, my Lord! art fatherland to me,
My wealth and might and rest; my all I find in Thee.[1]

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[1] Χριστὲ ἄναξ, σὺ δέ μοι πάτρη, σθένος, ὄλβος, ἅπαντα,
Σοὶ δ' ἀρ' ἀναψύξαιμι βίον καὶ κῆδε' ἀμείψας.

"Thus," says Mrs. CHARLES of this poem (*The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 66), "in the old Ionic tongue, the wail of feeble mortality went forth once more, but with a close the old Ionic music never knew; for Christ had died, and risen from the dead, and the other world was a region of melancholy shades no longer, for He is there."

CEASE, YE TEARFUL MOURNERS!

(*Jam mœsta quiesce querela.*)

The celebrated funeral-hymn of PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, of Spain (b. 348); his masterpiece; originally the concluding part of his tenth *Cathemerinôn*, but complete as an independent poem, which, after lying dormant to the 16th century, arose to new life, and became (in the version, "Hört auf mit Trauern und Klagen") a favorite funeral-hymn in Protestant Germany. See the original in full in PRUD., *Opera*, ed. Obbarius (1845), p. 41, and in part in DANIEL, I. p. 137; WACKERNAGEL, I. 40 and 329; TRENCH, p. 281. It reminds one of the worship in the catacombs, whose gloom was lit up with the hope of a glorious resurrection in Christ. Freely translated by E. CASWALL. German translations by Knapp, Puchta, Königsfeld, Bässler, Schaff. Another English version, without rhymes, by Mrs. CHARLES (in *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 110): "Ah! hush now your mournful complainings;" and one, on the basis of a German version (in BUNSEN's *Gesangbuch*, No. 288), by Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH: "Oh weep not, mourn not, over this bier!"

The conception of the resurrection contained in this poem, and taught by several of the ancient Fathers, especially Jerome, is rather materialistic. Paul teaches the resurrection of the body, not of the flesh (1 Cor. xv. 50). Lazarus was raised in the flesh, but to die again: the resurrection-body will be immortal.

CEASE, ye tearful mourners,
Thus your hearts to rend:
Death is life's beginning
Rather than its end.[1]

All the grave's adornments,
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there?

[1] A more literal rendering, in the measure of the original: —

"Each sorrowful mourner be silent!
Fond mothers, give over your weeping!
None grieve for those pledges as perished:
This dying is life's reparation."

What though now to darkness
We this body give;
Soon shall all its senses
Re-awake and live.

Soon shall warmth revisit
These poor bones again,
And the blood meander
Through each tingling vein;

And from its corruption
This same body soar,
With the selfsame spirit
That was here of yore.

E'en as duly scattered
By the sower's hand
In the fading autumn
O'er the fallow land,

Nature's seed, decaying,
First in darkness dies,
Ere it can in glory
Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust;
Oh! we pray, be careful
Of the precious dust.

This was once the mansion
  Of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers,
  By the breath of GOD.

Here eternal Wisdom
  Lately made His home;
And again will claim it
  In the days to come;

When thou must this body,
  Bone for bone, restore. -
Every single feature
  Perfect as before.

O divinest period!
  Speed upon thy way.
O eternal Justice!
  Make no more delay.

When shall love in glory
  Its fruition see?
When shall hope be lost in
  Immortality?

NO MORE, AH, NO MORE.

(*Jam mœsta quiesce querela.*)

Another, and more faithful, version of the resurrection hymn of PRUDENTIUS, by the Rev. Dr. E. A. WASHBURN, New York, 1865; revised, Oct. 1868. See the note on the preceding hymn.

NO more, ah, no more sad complaining;
Resign these fond pledges to earth:
Stay, mothers, the thick-falling tear-drops;
This death is a heavenly birth.

What mean these still caverns of marble,
Fair shrines that the dear ashes keep?
How sweetly they tell of the loved ones,
Not dead, but soft resting in sleep!

What though, on the pale, icy forehead,
No gleam of the intellect break?
A moment it slumbers, till nobler
Its powers in their beauty awake.

Soon, soon, through the motionless body,
The warm, loving life-tide shall pour,
And, blushing with joy, shall revisit
The home it has dwelt in before.

These clods, 'neath the hillock reposing,
Long wasting in silent decay,
Shall follow the souls that have loved them,
On wingèd winds soaring away.

So, green from the seed springs the blossom,
  Long perished, long hid in the mould;
And, fresh from the turf, it remembers
  The wide-waving harvests of old.

Take, Earth, to thy bosom so tender, –
  Take, nourish this body. How fair,
How noble in death! we surrender
  These relics of man to thy care.

This, this was the home of the spirit,
  Once built by the breath of our God;
And here, in the light of His wisdom,
  Christ, Head of the risen, abode.

Guard well the dear treasure we lend thee:
  The Maker, the Saviour of men
Shall never forget His belovèd,
  But claim His own likeness again.

Speed on, perfect year, to the morning;
  God's fulness shall dawn on the just,
And thou, open Grave, shalt restore us
  The glorified form from the dust.

WITH TERROR THOU DOST STRIKE.

(*Gravi me terrore pulsas, vitæ dies ultima.*)

De Die Mortis. By PETER DAMIANI, cardinal-bishop of Ostia (1002–1072); friend of Hildebrand (afterwards Pope Gregory VII.), whom, "with a marvellous insight into the heights and depths of his character," he called his "Holy Satan" (Sanctus Satanas); promoter of his hierarchical reforms; died 1072, after a season of retirement and prayer, as abbot of Santa Croce d'Avellano; the author of several poems, among which that on the *Glory and Delights of Paradise* ("Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit arida") is best known and appreciated. The following comes next in merit. Dr. NEALE calls it an "awful hymn, the *Dies Iræ* of individual life" (*Mediæval Hymns*, p. 52). Translated by the HON. ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, of New York, August, 1868. Contributed. An older translation, by Dr. NEALE: "O what terror in thy forethought, ending scene of mortal life!" See the Latin in DANIEL, I. p. 224; KÖNIGSFELD (*Lat. Hymnen*, I. p. 112; fifteen stanzas, with a German version); and in TRENCH, p. 278, who also gives Damiani's epitaph, written by himself.

WITH terror thou dost strike me now, life's fearful dying day!
My heart is sad, my loins are weak, my spirit faints away;
While to my saddened soul, Thy sight my anxious thoughts display.

Who can that dreadful sight describe, or without trembling see!
When, from the ended course of life, the weary soul would flee;
And, sick of all the bonds of flesh, it struggles to be free.

The senses fail, the tongue is stiff, the eyes uncertain stray;
The panting breath and gasping throat the coming end betray;
From palsied limbs and pallid lips all charm has fled away.

Now spring at once to view past thoughts and words and deeds and life,
Before unwilling eyes they come, all crowding fresh and rife,
And stand revealed before the mind, that shrinks with timid strife.

And biting conscience tortures now the trembling guilty breast,
And weeps the loss of perished hours, that might have given rest:
Too late repentance, full of grief, no proper fruit has blessed.

Of the false sweetness of the flesh, what bitterness remains,
When the brief pleasure of this life is turned to endless pains,
And all life's idols here below the dying hour disdains.

I pray Thee, JESUS, grant me, then, Thine own almighty aid,

O happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
  A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;
  Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
  No human heart can know.

Then all the halls of Sion
  For aye shall be complete,
And in the land of beauty
  All things of beauty meet.

The Saviour whom we trust in
  Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
  Shall have Him for their own.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
  There Jesus be embraced,
That spirit's food and sunshine
  Whence earthly love is chased.

Yes! Christ my King and Portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
I then shall see for ever,
  And worship face to face.

PART II.

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY!

(O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur.)

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man! they sing;
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring!

The Shepherd and the Husband,
  The Guardian of His Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
  The Porter and the Port!

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
  Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
  To pilgrims far away!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
  O Bride, that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
  The Prince's loveliest smile.

Unfading lilies, bracelets
  Of living pearl thine own:
The Lamb is ever near thee,
  The Bridegroom thine alone.

And all thine endless leisure
  In sweetest accents sings
The ill that was thy merit,
  The wealth that is thy King's!

PART III.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

(Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora.)

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not,
What holy joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.

And they, who, with their Leader,
  Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
  Are clad in robes of white!

And there the Sole-Begotten
  Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
  He, Lamb immaculate.

O fields that know no sorrow!
  O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
  O realm and home of life!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
  The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
  Thou shalt be and thou art!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
  Soon to that land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
  And Spirit, ever blest!

THE LIFE ABOVE, THE LIFE ON HIGH.

(*Vivo sin vivir en mi.*)

Part of a post-communion hymn of ST. TERESA, of Spain (d. 1582), one of the greatest saints of the Roman-Catholic Church. Translated by E. CASWALL. (From SHIPLEY'S *Lyra Eucharistica*, p. 201.) This poem is not free from a morbid asceticism, which, like the extravagant passion of Ignatius for martyrdom, differs widely from the calm resignation of the healthy Christian life, as exhibited in St. Paul, Phil. ii. 21–26; yet it is full of burning love to Christ, and represents a phase of Christian experience, in favorable contrast to the secularized Christianity of the day, which feels too much at home in this world.

THE Life above, the Life on high,
Alone is Life in verity;
Nor can we Life at all enjoy,
Till this poor life is o'er;
Then, O sweet Death! no longer fly
From me, who, ere my time to die,
Am dying evermore;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

To Him, who deigns in me to live,
What better gift have I to give,
O my poor earthly life, than thee?
Too glad of thy decay,
So but I may the sooner see
That Face of sweetest majesty,
For which I pine away;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my Saviour dear,
I call not Life this living here,
  But a long dying agony,
    The sharpest I have known;
  And I myself, myself to see
  In such a rack of misery,
    For very pity moan;
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Ah! Lord, my Light and living Breath,
Take me, oh, take me from this death,
  And burst the bars that sever me
    From my true Life above!
  Think how I die Thy Face to see,
  And cannot live away from Thee,
    O my eternal Love!
And ever, ever, weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife;
I weary of this dying life,
  This living death, this heavy chain,
    This torment of delay,
  In which her sins my soul detain.
  Ah! when shall it be mine? Ah! when,
    With my last breath to say,—
No more I weep, no more I sigh;
I'm dying of desire to die.

LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE.

RICHARD BAXTER; b. 1615, d. 1691; the model pastor of Kidderminster; author of the *Saints' Rest*, and other excellent works. The following verses are taken from a longer poem, entitled: "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith" (see ROGERS, p. 47). They form a Protestant pendant to the preceding poem of Saint Teresa.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?[1]

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.[2]

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

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[1] Improved in the Andover *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, No. 763:—

"To soar to endless day?"

The *Marylebone Collection*, 1851, and ALFORD'S *Year of Praise*, 1867, change the whole verse:—

"If life be long, my days are blest, When they are spent for Thee;
If short my course, I sooner rest, From sin and trouble free."

[2] Andover *Sabbath Hymn-Book*:—

"No one into His kingdom comes,
But through His opened door."

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

THOU SHALT RISE!

(Auferstehn, ja auferstehn wirst du.)

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK (the German Milton, though not quite equal to him in genius); b. 1724; d., at Hamburg, 1803. Translated in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, slightly altered by the Editor, according to the original. A closer version in BASKERVILLE'S *Poetry of Germany:* "Arise, yes, yes, arise, O thou my dust, From short repose thou must."

THOU shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise!
Not always closed thine eyes:
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life for ever.
Hallelujah!

Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping.
Hallelujah!

Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my quiet grave I stay;
And, when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me!

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrim's sorrow,
All past and gone!

Then shall I the Holy of Holiest tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally!

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY. This popular lyric appeared first in *The Amethyst*, Edinburgh, 1832. Born in Hedgefield, Scotland, 1802, died 1887.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!

LET ME BE WITH THEE.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836. Compare John xvii. 24.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love!

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, born 1805, died 1829.

WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and treasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

SINCE O'ER THY FOOTSTOOL.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D. 1824. In the same year, he wrote his "I would not live alway" (Job vii. 16), which passed into the selection of hymns in the Episcopal Prayer-Book, and has justly become a favorite in all American churches.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light, —
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,

Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine:
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure
Upon Thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light!

OH, PARADISE MUST FAIRER BE!

(*Das Paradies muss schöner sein.*)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, 1788–1866. "Das Paradies." A free and abridged translation, taken from *Heavenward: Hymns and Poems of Consolation*, New York, 1867, p. 184, where it is given without the name of the translator. This beautiful poem is true only on the basis of a vital union with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

OH, Paradise must fairer be
Than any spot below!
My spirit pines for liberty;
Now let me thither go!

In Paradise, for ever clear
The stream of love is flowing;
For every tear that I've shed here
A pearl therein is glowing.

In Paradise alone is rest;
Joy breathing, woe dispelling;
A heavenly wind fans every breast
Within that happy dwelling.

For every wounding thorn below
A rose shall blossom there;
And sweeter flowers than earth can show
Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy, that, budding, died,
Shall open there in bloom;
And Spring, in all her flowery pride,
Shall waken from the tomb.

And all the joys shall meet me there
For which my heart was pining,
Like golden fruit in gardens fair,
And flowers for ever shining.

My youth, that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall there be with me every day
With bright wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
I sighed for, pined for, ever,
Shall bloom around me there above,
And last with me for ever!

O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

F. W. FABER, D.D.; born 1814. From the last edition of his *Hymns*, London, 1862, p. 423. The last two verses are omitted, and the third has been put last. Some British collections give only three stanzas.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old:
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?—
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

NO, NO, IT IS NOT DYING.

(*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*)

From the French of the Rev. Dr. CÆSAR MALAN; b. 1787; d. 1864: pastor of an Independent Reformed Church at Geneva; a man of genius and striking individuality; author of *Chants de Sion, ou Recueil de Cantiques*, Paris, 1841 (No. 233). The following excellent translation was made by the Rev. Dr. R. P. DUNN, late professor of rhetoric and English literature in Brown University, Providence, R.I. (d. Aug. 28, 1867), not directly from the French, but from an admirable German version of A. KNAPP: "Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben" (in SCHAFF's *G. H. B.*, No. 464).

NO, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying,
To hear this gracious word:
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of thy Lord."

No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him whose sway we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here drops alone we find.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

(*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*)

Free, from the French of Dr. MALAN (see the preceding hymn), by Dr. GEORGE W. BETHUNE (*Lays of Love and Faith*, Phila. 1847). This hymn was sung, by his own direction, at Bethune's funeral, in New York, Sept., 1862.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
  The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
  To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
  The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
  Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
  Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
  To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!
  Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
  To reign with Thee on high.

O SWEET HOME-ECHO!

("*Wir werden bei dem Herrn sein allezeit.*")

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 *Thess.* iv. 17. By Mrs. Dr. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, the sweet evangelical singer of Switzerland; b. 1797; resided at Hirzel, Canton Zurich. Written, 1845, for a friend in America (Mrs. P. S.). Translated by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853, in *Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

O SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light!

As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word:
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus? He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends.
Where all of bliss is centred in one word:
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

And is there *ever* perfect union here?
Ah! daily sins, lamented and confessed,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.

With life we leave the evils long deplored:
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

All prone to error, none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord;
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O blessed promise! mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe,
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word:
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

THERE IS A BLESSED HOME.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, Bart. 1861. Born, in London, 1821; son of a vice-admiral in the Royal Navy; graduated at Cambridge, 1844; vicar of Monkland; one of the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to which the following piece was contributed (No. 182).

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,

And everlasting light
  Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
  Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
  Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
  Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER One,
  And SPIRIT, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
  To see the LAMB who died,
And count each sacred wound
  In hands and feet and side!
To give to Him the praise
  Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
  The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
  Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
  Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
  In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
  Shall welcome you above.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.

ἀώϊον ἀεροφοίταν
Ἀστέρα μείναμεν Ἀελίου λευκοπτέρυγα πρόδρομον.

"The Daystar." By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, late Scholar of Balliol, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford. 1862. From his *Hymns*, 2d ed., 1868.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine;
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home!

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

O HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!

Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN; b. 1814, at Shippensburg, Pa.; pastor of St. Paul's German Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. (since 1868). The following hymn, as the author kindly informs us, was written and first printed in 1862, after the death of a beloved son, which made heaven nearer and dearer from the conviction that now a member of his family was one of its inhabitants.

O HEAVEN! Sweet Heaven! the home of the blest,
Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest;
Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the light,
And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! the mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from above,
The Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and control,
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where purity reigns,
Where error disturbs, and sin never stains;
Where holiness robes in its garments so fair
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where music ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise;
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirred,
And loud hallelujahs for ever are heard.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where friends never part,
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart;
Where farewell shall nevermore fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.

OH FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT, daughter of the Rev. Sidney Smith, D.D., canon of St. Paul's, born 1841. This hymn, entitled "Heavenly Anticipations," is a favorite in Sunday schools in England. From ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, 1867, p. 511.

OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

Oh for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter,
E'en now, before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

OH FOR THE PEACE WHICH FLOWETH!

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"—*John* xvi. 18. By Mrs. JANE CREWDSON (daughter of George Fox); b. 1809; d., 1863, near Manchester, after a long period of illness, during which she wrote her poems, breathing the rich flavor of sanctified affliction.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while"!

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong,
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest-song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while"

WE SHALL SEE HIM IN OUR NATURE.

1847. By MARY PYPER, born at Greenock, 1795, died 1870.

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on His lofty Throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see Him as He is,"
Resting in His love and favor,
Owning all the glory His.

There to cast our crowns before Him,
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
There for ever to adore Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords!

PRAISE AND ADORATION OF CHRIST.

"My Lord and my God." — JOHN xx. 28.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth." — PHIL. ii. 10.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." — REV. v. 12.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, in whom the whole fulness of the Godhead and Manhood, without sin, dwelleth in one Person for ever, who, for us men and for our salvation, didst die and rise again, and now sittest at the right hand of the Father Almighty, as our Prophet, Priest, and King, able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Thee: — Thou art worthy to receive the grateful homage of all ages and creeds and tongues; and with the glorious company of the apostles, with the goodly fellowship of the prophets, with the noble army of martyrs, with the holy Church throughout all the world, with the heavenly Jerusalem, the joyful assembly of the first-born on high, with the innumerable host of angels around Thy throne, the heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein, we worship and adore Thy glorious name, saying, with a loud voice: Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

"LAUDA, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem
In hymnis et canticis;
Quantum vales, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis."

"To Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God, —

To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

Thou art the First, and Thou the Last:
Time centres all in Thee, —
The mighty Lord, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be!"

PRAISE AND ADORATION OF CHRIST.

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

(Στόμιον πώλων ἀδαῶν.)

A free transfusion, by Dr. HENRY M. DEXTER, the oldest Christian hymn extant (next to the *Gloria in Excelsis*), composed by CLEMENT of Alexandria, A. D. 200. A sublime but somewhat turgid song of praise to the Logos, as the divine Educator and Leader of the human race. The Greek in the works of Clement (at the close of his *Pædagogus*, p. 311, ed. Potter), and in DANIEL, III. p. 3. German versions by Münter, Dorner, Hagenbach, Fortlage; closer English versions by MRS. CHARLES, and in the *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, Vol. V. p. 343. A very learned article on the contents and structure of this hymn, by Prof. PIPER, in his *Evangel. Kalender* for 1868, pp. 17-39 See also Dean PLUMPTRE's version "Curb for the Christian Steed," in *Lazarus and other Poems*, 2d ed. 1864.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise!

Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!

Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love.
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd, and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song!
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing!
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

THEE WE ADORE, ETERNAL LORD!

Part of *Te Deum Laudamus* (400) adapted to Christ. Probably by THOMAS COTTERILL, 1815. See JULIAN, *Dict. of Hymnology*, p. 1133.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, holy Prophet, Priest, and King!
Thee, Saviour of mankind, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

I GREET THEE.

(Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur.)

"Salutation to Jesus Christ." By JOHN CALVIN, the great Reformer; b. 1509; d., at Geneva, 1564. This hymn, together with eleven others (mostly translations of Psalms), written in French, was recently discovered by Felix Bovet, of Neuchatel, in an old Genevese prayer-book, and first published in the sixth volume of the new edition of the works of Calvin by Baum, Cunitz, and Reuss, 1867. It reveals a poetic vein, and a devotional fervor and tenderness, which one would hardly have suspected in the severe logician. (His *Epinicion Christo cantatum*, A.D. 1537, is not devotional, but a controversial poem against popery.) German translation by Dr. Stähelin, Jr., of Basel (author of the best biography of Calvin). English translation by Mrs. Prof. H. B. SMITH, of New York, 1868. Contributed. For the French text, see SCHAFF, *Hist. of the Christ. Church*, vii. p. 842 *sqq*.

I GREET Thee, who my sure Redeemer art,
My only Trust, and Saviour of my heart!
Who so much toil and woe
And pain didst undergo,
For my poor, worthless sake;
And pray Thee, from our hearts,
All idle griefs and smarts,
And foolish cares to take.[1]

[1] We give the first stanza in the original old French:—

"Je Te salue, mon certain Rédempteur,
Ma vraye foinc' et mon seul Salvateur,
Qui tant de labeur
D'ennuys et
As enduré

Thou art the King of mercy and of grace,
Reigning omnipotent in every place;
So come, O King! and deign
Within our hearts to reign,
And our whole being sway;
Shine in us by Thy light,
And lead us to the height
Of Thy pure, heavenly day.

Thou art the Life by which alone we live,
And all our substance and our strength receive:
Comfort us by Thy faith
Against the pains of death;
Sustain us by Thy power;
Let not our fears prevail,
Nor our hearts faint or fail,
When comes the trying hour.

Thou art the true and perfect gentleness,
No harshness hast Thou, and no bitterness:
Make us to taste and prove,
Make us adore and love
The sweet grace found in Thee;
With longing to abide
Ever at Thy dear side,
In Thy sweet unity.

Our hope is in no other save in Thee,
Our faith is built upon Thy promise free;
Come, and our hope increase,
Comfort and give us peace.

Make us so strong and sure,
That we shall conquerors be,
And well and patiently
Shall every ill endure.

Poor, banished exiles, wretched sons of Eve,
Full of all sorrows, unto Thee we grieve!
To Thee we bring our sighs,
Our groanings, and our cries:
Thy pity, Lord, we crave;
We take the sinner's place,
And pray Thee, of Thy grace,
To pardon and to save.

Turn Thy sweet eyes upon our low estate,
Our Mediator and our Advocate,
Propitiator best!
Give us that vision blest,
The God of gods most High!
And let us, by Thy right,
Enter the blessèd light
And glories of the sky!

Oh, pitiful and gracious as Thou art,
The lovely Bridegroom of the holy heart,
Lord Jesus Christ, meet Thou
The Antichrist our foe,
In all his cruel ruth!
Thy Spirit give, that we
May, in true verity,
Follow Thy word of truth.

COME, LET US JOIN.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. "Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation." Rev. v. 11-13. I reluctantly omit, from want of space, his "Join all the glorious names" (twelve stanzas).

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740. Based on Isa. xii. 2; xxxv. 5, 6; xlv. 22; John i. 29; Matt. xi. 5; xxiv. 14. Originally eighteen verses. The last four are generally omitted in hymn-books.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms[1] our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace!

He breaks the power of cancelled sin;[2]
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

[1] Popular collections substitute: "*calms.*"
[2] Usually changed into "*reigning* sin"

Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
  Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
  And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Look unto Him, ye nations! own
  Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
  Be justified by grace!

See all your sins on Jesus laid:
  The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
  For every soul of man.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
  And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
  And wash the Ethiop white.

With Me, your chief, ye then shall know,
  Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
  And own that love is heaven.

AWAKE, AND SING THE SONG.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, a Calvinistic-Methodist preacher, afterwards a Moravian; d. 1783, at Chelsea. His *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs* were published at London, 1745. Abridged. By condensation, this fine but somewhat repetitious hymn is made more effective. SELBORNE gives Madan's variation of 1760 (eight verses).

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Tell, in seraphic strains,
What Christ has done for you;
How He has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew.

Are you in deep distress?
Then sing to ease the smart.
Are you rejoiced? let psalms express
The gladness of your heart.

When Paul and Silas sung,
The earth began to quake;
The prison doors were open flung,
Her firm foundations shake.

Sing, till you feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.

Sing on your heavenly way:
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall our raptured tongue
In heaven His praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISÈD JESUS!

JOHN BAKEWELL, b. 1721, d. 1819; a Wesleyan minister. His gravestone records: "He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached His glorious gospel about seventy years." The following hymn appeared first in Madan's Collection, in 1760: then in Toplady's Collection, in 1776, with an additional stanza, borrowed from James Allen. We give the original text, from ROGERS, p. 29.

HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou universal Saviour,[1]
Who hast borne our sin and shame!

[1] Toplady's Collection and Lord Selborne substitute "*agonizing* Saviour," which is certainly no improvement.

By whose merits we find favor;
  Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
  All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love appointed,
  Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
  Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
  Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
  There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
  Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
  "Spare them yet another year;"[1]
Thou for saints art interceding,
  Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
  Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
  Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Jesu's merits;
  Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

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[1] Toplady's Collection: —

"There Thou doest our place prepare."

NOW LET US JOIN.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. From the *Olney Hymns*, No. 39. Palmer omits verse 3.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say: "He suffered thus,"
But that "He suffered all for us."

When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consigned them all to hell;
But mercy formed a wondrous plan,
To save and honor fallen man.

Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode:
As Man He fills the throne of God.

Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His Name,
And we the nearest interest claim.

But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, IN JOYFUL LAYS.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, a Baptist minister at Liverpool, d. 1799; author of 232 hymns which appeared in 1800.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free![1]

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

When I was Satan's easy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid His life for my discharge;
His loving-kindness, O how large!

[1] Originally: "*is so* free," and so throughout. See ROGERS, p. 400.

Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might,
He's sure my helper to appear;
His loving-kindness, O how near!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

When I shall pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers must fail,
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

There with their golden harps I'll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine,
And loudly sound on every chord
The loving-kindness of my Lord.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, of Calcutta. 1827. For Advent Sunday. The text from his *Poetical Works*, Lond. 1854, p. 42.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Oh, Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

THOU WHOM WE SEEK.

(*Du, den wir suchen auf so finstern Wegen.*)

"To the Invisible" ("An den Unsichtbaren"). A sonnet, by LUDWIG UHLAND, one of the purest, most patriotic, and most popular poets of Germany; the head of the "Swabian School;" b. 1787, at Tübingen, where he lived in happy independence and modest retirement till his death, in 1862. Of his poems, which appeared first in 1815, a new edition has been published, since 1833, almost every year. This sonnet, as also his *Shepherd's Sunday Hymn* and his *Lost Church*, reveal a genuine and deep religious feeling; although it was not so fully developed in him as in his bosom friends and Swabian fellow-poets, Gustav Schwab and Justinus Kerner. Faithfully translated by MRS. ELIZABETH L. SMITH, New York, 1868. Contributed. Another translation, by SAMUEL J. PIKE, commences:—

"Thou whom we seek in paths where shadows reign."

THOU whom we seek in darkness, still unseen,
And cannot with our searching thoughts embrace,
Once Thou didst leave the cloud which hides Thy face,
Before Thy people walking forth serene.

What sweet delight to gaze upon Thy mien,
And listen to Thy words of truth and grace!
Oh, blessed they who at Thy board found place!
Oh, blessed he who on Thy breast did lean!

Therefore not strange the longing, when the host
Of countless pilgrims o'er the seas did press,
And armies fought upon the farthest coast,

Only to pray at Thy sepulchral bed,
Only in pious fervency to kiss
The holy soil on which Thy feet did tread!

TO HIM, WHO FOR OUR SINS.

ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL. 1851. Born at Southampton, Eng., 1826, died 1874.

TO Him, who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him, who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him, who now for us doth plead
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him, who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah!

To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Hallelujah!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah!

THOU THAT ART THE FATHER'S WORD.

HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury; b., at London, Oct. 7, 1810. Written 1832. From his *Year of Praise*, Lond. 1867, No. 32.

THOU that art the Father's Word,
Thou that art the Lamb of God,
Thou that art the Virgin's Son,
Thou that savest souls undone,
Sacred sacrifice for sin,
Fount of piety within:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

Thou to whom Thine angels raise
Quiring songs of sweetest praise,
Thou that art the flower and fruit,
Virgin born from Jesse's root,
Shedding holy peace abroad,
Perfect man and perfect God:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

Thou that art the door of heaven,
Living bread in mercy given,
Brightness of the Father's face,
Everlasting Prince of Peace,
Precious pearl beyond all price,
Brightest star in all the skies:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

King and Spouse of holy hearts,
Fount of love that ne'er departs,
Sweetest life, and brightest day,
Truest truth, and surest way,
That leads onward to the blest
Sabbath of eternal rest:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

PRAISE TO JESUS!

WILLIAM BALL; bred to the bar; residing near Rydal, Westmoreland; a member of the Society of Friends; author of *Hymns and Lyrics*, published, 1864, for private circulation. From ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, p. 645.

PRAISE to Jesus! Praise to God
For the love He sheds abroad,
Lightening o'er a world of sin,
Glowing in the heart within.

For the pristine promise made
E'en in Eden's darkened shade,
For the light of sacrifice,
Till the Morning Star should rise.

For the harp of prophecy,
Singing of redemption nigh;
For the Branch of Jesse's stem;
For the birth at Bethlehem.

For the sacred standard spread;
For the life our Pattern led;
For His precept pure and true;
For His doctrine, like the dew.

For His love's inviting call,
All embracing, seeking all;
For the grace and truth He brought,
For the ransom He hath wrought.

For the crown of thorns He wore;
For the painful cross He bore;
For the dying word He said,
Sealed with blood of sprinkling shed.

For the radiant rising dawn,
For the sting of death withdrawn;
For the victory gained so well
O'er the grave, and over hell.

For His glorious reign on high,
When He rose from Bethany;
For the heavenly peace He leaves;
For the Comforter He gives.

For His parting promise dear
Of His presence, alway near;
For the blest assurance made
Of His intercessory aid.

For the pledge that we shall rise,
In His likeness, to the skies;
For the merciful decree
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

All redeeming bounty gives;
All that humble faith receives;
All that rising doubt restrains;
All that drooping hope sustains,—

Saviour! these to Thee we owe,
From Thy dying love they flow;
And we praise, for grace so free,
Thee, Jehovah-Jesus, Thee!

THOU KING ANOINTED.

(*Rex Christe, Factor omnium.*)

A hymn to Christ the King, by the Rev. JAMES INGLIS, New York, 1868. Contributed. Suggested by a Latin hymn of GREGORY THE GREAT (590–604): "In passione Domini" (al. "In cœna Domini"), DANIEL, I. p. 180.

THOU King anointed, at whose word
A world from nothing answ'ring came,
The world, redeemed, shall own Thee Lord,
And yield its honors to Thy name.

To Thee, low-bending down Thine ear,
The suppliant never pleads in vain, —
Our lowly homage swift to hear,
Though angels swell the rival strain.

Eternal life flows from Thy wound;
Grace, in Thy very weakness strong,
Dissolves the tyrant's chains, which bound
Our souls, to ruin dragged along.
Each star is but another gem
To garnish the Creator's crown;
Yet Thou, the Babe of Bethlehem,
The humblest wilt a brother own!

Thy hand the secret influence wove
That links in one things great and small;
Thy hands were fettered to remove
The tangled net of Satan's thrall.
Nailed to the cross, Thy piteous cry
Scarce pierced the shout of hellish rage;
Thy whisper shakes the earth and sky;
Thy glance sheds darkness on the age.

Almighty Victor! from the height
Of Thy paternal glory bend;
From dangers of the thick'ning night,
Thy people, best of kings, defend.
The darkness of the night dispel;
Reveal the splendors of Thy throne;
O'erthrow the reign of Death and Hell,
And take the kingdoms for Thine own.

GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER!

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866.

GLORY be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain!

Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring,—
Glory, glory
To the King of glory bring!

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

"CHRIST is all, and in all." — COL. iii. 11.

"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." — COL. ii. 9.

"Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." — 1 COR. i. 30.

ALMIGHTY God, who, of Thy infinite mercy, hast given Thy Son Jesus Christ to be the Head of the Church, and hast ordained that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life, we do most humbly and heartily beseech Thee that Thy Church Universal, being plenteously imbued with the Holy Ghost, may with all vigilance and constancy bear true and faithful witness to her Lord. And we also beseech Thee that all parts of the same in all lands of the earth may of Thy grace be inclined to follow His commands in the purity of love and in the bonds of peace and in the unity of the Spirit until that hour when the Lord shall come again in His glory as He hath promised, and present it to Himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; — and unto Thee with the Son and the Holy Ghost be honor and dominion now and forever. Amen.

"There is no exercise that I had rather live and die in, than singing Praise to our Redeemer and Jehovah, while I might in the Holy Assemblies, and now when I may not, as Paul and Silas, in my bonds and my dying pains which are heavier than my bonds. Lord Jesus receive my Praise and Supplications first, and then lastly my departing Soul." — RICHARD BAXTER in Preface to *Version of the Psalms*. 1692.

God Filial pleased to condescend
To be our all-sufficient Friend,
And though exalted to His Throne
That dear relation still to own,
And send the boundless Source of grace,
The Spirit, to supply His place.

BISHOP KEN'S *Christian Year*.

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead,
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One Army of the living God
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

CHRIST, ABOVE ALL GLORY SEATED!

(*Æterne Rex altissime, Redemptor.*)

From the Latin. Of unknown authorship; probably as old as the fifth century. See DANIEL, IV. pp. 79-83. Translated by Bishop J. R. WOODFORD, 1852. Other versions by Bishop R. MANT, "Eternal King of Heaven on high," and E. CASWALL, "O Thou Eternal King most high!"

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King Eternal, strong to save!
To Thee Death by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain;
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring!
Lift our souls to Thee on high!

So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus! Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore!

TO CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

(*Summi Parentis filio.*)

From the Latin. Translated by E. CASWALL in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849.

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,—
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His Heart for us
The wound of love He bore; —
That love, which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! Victim blest!
What else but love divine,
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred Heart of Thine?

O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of waters clear!
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near!

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be;
Praise to His only Son;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

O ONE WITH GOD THE FATHER.

By WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, D. D., born at Shrewsbury, 1823, since 1888 Bishop of Wakefield. In 1854 he published, in connection with the Rev. T. R. MORRELL, a collection of *Psalms and Hymns*, a number of which were original. His own *Hymns* (fifty-four in number) were published separately in 1866, of which, as the Bishop informs me, he is preparing "a reprint with eight or ten additional pieces." This hymn appeared in 1871.

O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The Brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

Yet, Lord, we see but darkly: —
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness.

THOU ART THE EVERLASTING WORD.

A hymn of "Praise to Christ," by JOSIAH CONDER, born in London, 1789, died 1855. First appeared in the *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1836.

THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's Beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

In Thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine,
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

True Image of the Infinite,
  Whose Essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
  The Heart of God revealed;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

But the high mysteries of Thy Name
  An angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only — glorious claim!
  The Son can comprehend;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
  Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
  As one with Thee, are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Throughout the universe of bliss,
  The centre Thou, and sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this
  To Heaven's Belovèd One: —
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

1868. A sympathetic rendering of the Twenty-Third Psalm by Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, born in London, 1821; died at Monkland, 1877. Receiving ordination in 1844, he became vicar of Monkland. One of the editors of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*. His last audible words were the third stanza of this hymn.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

IN CHRIST I FEEL THE HEART OF GOD.

"Our Christ." By Miss LUCY LARCOM, poetess and author of devotional works, born at Beverly, Mass., 1824, died in Boston, 1893. From her *Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems*, 1880. It has been introduced in *Hymns Supplemental* (Congregational), England, 1894.

IN Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod;
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet —
Lights up all mysteries:
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; He is ours;
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond.
What yet we shall be none can tell;
Now are we His, and all is well.

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

Prepared for use in St. Mark's Church, Brighton, 1864. By EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT. Her hymns are found in *Chimes of Consecration*, 1873 (70 hymns), and *Chimes for Daily Service*, 1880 (71 hymns).

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
  Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou Lord to earth,
  And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
  There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
  In the shade of the cedar-tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
  In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
  There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
  That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn and with crown of thorn,
  They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
  There is room in my heart for Thee.

When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing
  At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room!
  There is room at My side for thee:"
And my heart shall rejoice at the bridegroom's voice,
  When He cometh and calleth for me.

IT IS A THING MOST WONDERFUL.

By William Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield.

IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true;
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 't is more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

THINE ARM, O LORD, IN DAYS OF OLD.

By EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, D.D., Dean of Wells, a learned biblical scholar and commentator, born in London, 1821, died at Wells, 1891. Member of the Old Testament Company of Bible Revisers. This hymn was written in 1864, for use in King's College Hospital, London.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo, Thy Touch brought life and health,
  Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed,
  Owned Thee, the Lord of Light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
  Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
  As by Gennesareth's shore.

Though Love and Might no longer heal
  By touch, or word, or look;
Though they that do Thy work must read
  Thy laws in nature's book:
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul;
  Come; cleanse the lep'rous taint,
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
  And strength where all is faint.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
  Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
  With Thine Almighty Breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
  Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
  May praise Thee evermore.

MASTER, IT IS GOOD TO BE.

By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, born at Alderley, 1815, died at the Deanery, Westminster, 1881. It appeared first in an article on the *Transfiguration*, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1870.

"MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:"
Here, in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts distraught with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants, all in vain,
To ease them of their bitter pain.

"Master, it is good to be
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee;"
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

"Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three;"
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;

Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
"The thought that breathes, and word that burns;"
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is Love.

"Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;"
Watching the glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine:
Still we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

"Master, it is good to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee:"
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud,
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread "Decease;"
But yet to linger here is peace.

"Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee:"
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,

We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son; O hear ye Him."

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS.

By Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, author of the popular piece "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," born in Edinburgh, 1830, died at Melrose, 1869. Appeared for the first time in 1872 in the *Family Treasury*, then edited by the Rev. William Arnot.

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock within a weary land:
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat and the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter! O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place, where Heaven's love and Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch that wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me a ladder up to Heaven!

There lies beneath the shadow, but on the farther
side,
The darkness of an awful grave, that gapes both deep
and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross, two arms
outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way from that
eternal grave.

Upon the Cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One who suffered there for
me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears, two wonders
I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love, and my own un-
worthiness.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow for my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His
face;
Content to let the world go by, to know nor gain nor
loss,
My sinful self my only shame, my glory all the Cross.

AM I A STONE AND NOT A SHEEP?

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, in *Devotional Pieces*, Amer. Ed., Boston, 1876, p. 299.

AM I a stone and not a sheep
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy Cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon,
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

LORD, WHEN THY KINGDOM COMES.

By WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, D.D., born in Edinburgh, 1826, since 1891 Archbishop of York. Written for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875. Given as corrected by the author for this work.

"LORD, when Thy kingdom comes remember me;"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
Oh, faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

No kingly crown declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness not in power.

Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou, too, shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
Oh, words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh, words of hope for those that live to pray!

Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
  Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
  Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

Remember me: yet how canst Thou forget
  What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
  And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

Remember me; and ere I pass away,
  Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
  Thou, too, shalt rest in Paradise with me."

IMMORTAL LOVE, FOREVER FULL.

"Our Master," by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the first American poets, born 1807, in Haverhill, Massachusetts, died at Amesbury, 1892. From his *The Panorama and Other Poems*, 1856. An exquisite tribute of the Quaker poet to our common Lord and Master. The poem has 38 verses, and has been broken up into parts for use in hymn-books. Abridged from the *Cambridge Edition*, 1895, p. 444.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
  Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
  A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
  All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
  And comprehendeth love. . . .

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
  To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
  For Him no depths can drown.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
  And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
  Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
  Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
  With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
  Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
  His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
  Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
  Of the oblivious years; —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee. . . .

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance. . . .

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
No jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun. . . .

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be? —
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust;
We pile no graven stone.
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

O LOVE DIVINE, THAT STOOPED TO SHARE.

"A Hymn of Trust," excelling in devotional feeling; and in rhythm and expression equal to the best of the author's secular pieces. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University, and one of the Cambridge school of poets, son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, was born at Cambridge, 1809, died in Boston, Oct. 7, 1894.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNER'S FRIEND.

"We have an advocate with the Father," 1 John ii: 1. — By the author of "Just as I am, without one plea," Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, granddaughter of the devout Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield, born at Brighton, 1789, died at Brighton, 1871. Appeared first in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1835, edited by her brother, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O, plead for me!

And when my dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,[1]
Then to my fainting soul appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me!

When the full light of Heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O, say, Thou plead'st for me!

JESUS! MY KIND AND GRACIOUS FRIEND.

By the Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM, pastor of a Baptist Church in London, born in Guildford, 1749; died in London, 1810. Author of 452 hymns. Appeared in his *New Hymns on Divers Subjects*, 1783. Strange to say, in an American edition of 320 of Burnham's hymns (Boston, 1796) the editor left out this, the best of his pieces. Here given in its original form. The first line is changed in the hymn-books to "Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend!"

JESUS! my kind and gracious Friend:
Simply I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness[2] of Thy love,
Dear Lord! remember me.

[1] Later Miss Elliott approved the change of this line to "O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear."

[2] The original has "bowels."

Remember Thy pure word of grace, —
  Remember Calv'ry's tree;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
  And then remember me.

Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
  I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on Thy throne,
  Dear Lord, remember me.

I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
  Yet Thy salvation 's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
  Dear Lord! remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or despis'd,
  Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
  Do Thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death,
  When human helps shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
  O then, remember me.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

"I will fear no evil."—Ps. xxiii. 4. One of nineteen hymns by Miss ANNA LÆTITIA WARING (born at Neath, Wales, 1820), which appeared in *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850. Another hymn by this author, equally well known, "Father, I know that all my life."

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,—
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
  Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
  Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
  My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
  And He will walk with me.

O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME.

(*O Jesus Christus, wachs in mir.*)

"He must increase, but I must decrease." The best hymn of JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER (1780), born at Zurich, 1741, died there 1801. Translated from the German by Mrs. Dr. HENRY B. SMITH, of New York. Contributed.

O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
  And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
  From sin be daily freed!

Each day, let Thy supporting might
  My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
  Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

Come near, I cast myself away,
Before Thee silent weep;
Come, with Thy pure, divinest sway,
My spirit rule and keep.

More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be
In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine!

Weak is the power of sloth and pride,
And vain desires are still,
When, to Thy realm and Thee allied,
I haste to do Thy will.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim.
Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name;

Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
  Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
  Of my prayer hearer be!

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
  My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
  My passion and my love!

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

By the author of *Stepping Heavenward*, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, wife of Prof. George L. Prentiss, D.D., and daughter of the devout preacher Dr. Edward Payson, born at Portland, Maine, 1818, died at Dorset, Vt., 1878. Written probably as early as 1856, and published 1869. "She did not show it, not even to her husband, until many years after it was written,"—*Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss* (p. 300). See her *Religious Poems*, 1873 (publ. under the title *Golden Hours*, 1874).

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
  More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
  On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea —
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
  Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,
  Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be —
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
  Send grief and pain,
Sweet are Thy messengers,
  Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me —
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
  Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
  My heart shall raise:
This still its prayer shall be —
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

JESUS, FOUNTAIN OF MY DAYS.

By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., born in Glasgow, 1842, and now minister of the Parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. A devotional writer of mystical fervor and much spiritual penetration. His *Sacred Songs* (96 in number) appeared in 1890. He writes me "that the only poem I have written, not in this volume, is the one in the Hymnal of the Church of Scotland, beginning, 'O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee.'"

JESUS, Fountain of my days,
Well-spring of my heart's delight,
Brightness of my morning rays,
Solace of my hours of night!
When I see Thee, I arise
To the hope of cloudless skies.

Oh, how weary were the years
Ere Thy form to me was known!
Oh, how gloomy were the fears
When I seemed to be alone!
I despaired the storm to brave
Till Thy footprints touched the wave.

But Thy presence on the deep
Calmed the pulses of the sea,
And the waters sank to sleep
In the rest of seeing Thee,
And my once rebellious will
Heard the mandate, "Peace be still!"

Now Thy will and mine are one,
  Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
All the clouds have touched the sun,
  All the ships have reached the land;
For Thy love has said to me,
"No more night!" and "no more sea!"

TAKE MY BURDENED HEART.

"The Burden-Bearer." Matt. xi. 28. — Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., *Sacred Songs*, 1890.

TAKE my burdened heart, —
  Take it and give me Thine;
For where Thy wounds their pain impart,
  There is no room for mine.

Take my burdened soul;
  Give me in turn Thine own;
For where Thy waves of sorrow roll
  My sorrow is unknown.

Take my burdened life;
  Weight me with Thine instead;
For in Thy care for human strife
  My human care is dead.

Take my burdened day;
  Hang Thine own clouds on high;
For where Thy shadows stop the way,
  All cloudless is my sky.

Take my burdened will;
  Give me Thy will resigned;
For where Thou bidst my storm be still,
  I perfect freedom find.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE FOR THEE?

"The Bargain." By the Rev. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, born in Germantown, Pa., 1852. Contributed.

WHAT shall I give for Thee,
  Thou pearl of greatest price?
For all the treasures I possess
    Would not suffice.

I give my store of gold, —
    It is but earthly dross:
But Thou shalt make me rich, beyond
    All fear of loss.

Mine honors I resign, —
They are but small at best:
Thou like a royal star shalt shine
Upon my breast.

My worldly joys I give,
Frail flowers with which I played:
Thy beauty, far more heavenly fair,
Shall never fade.

Dear Lord, is that enough?
"Nay, not a thousandth part."
Well, then, I have but one thing more:
Take Thou my heart.

THOU SAYST, TAKE UP THY CROSS.

By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, lately Professor of Poetry at Oxford, born at Great Yarmouth, 1824. Appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1865.

THOU sayst, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me":
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space —
Then might we follow Thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see;
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow Thee!

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can Time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow Thee?

Is what *we* trace of law
The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow Thee?

O heavy cross — of faith
  In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, Thyself restore
  And help to follow Thee!

If not as once Thou cam'st
  In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
  That burns to follow Thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be;
Set up Thy throne within Thine own: —
  Go, Lord, we follow Thee!

OH, DEEM NOT THEY ARE BLEST ALONE.

"Blessed are they that mourn." — Matt. v. 4. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, born at Cummington, Mass., 1794, died at Roslyn, Long Island, 1878. Appeared first in SEWALL'S *Psalms and Hymns* (Unitarian), 1820. BRYANT'S *Hymns* were published separately, 1869.

OH, deem not they are blest alone,
  Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, hath shown
  A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
  For every dark and troubled night:
And grief may bide an evening guest,
  But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
  Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
  Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
  Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
  And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
  And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all his children suffer here.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

One of the most widely famed and best beloved of English lyrics of the century. By Cardinal JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, born in London, 1801, entered the Roman Catholic Communion 1845, died at Edgbarton, Birmingham, 1890. Written in 1833, in a time of great mental and physical distress and religious uncertainty, while on a cruise in the Mediterranean. It might be called one of the birth pangs of the Anglo-Catholic movement. First published in the *British Magazine*, 1834, under the title "Faith-Heavenly Leadings." JULIAN, *Dict. of Hymnology*, gives large space to the circumstances of its composition, and the text. This was Dr. Philip Schaff's favorite English hymn in the last years of his life. He repeated it frequently on rising in the morning, and often to friends, and it was sung by the students of Union Theological Seminary at his funeral.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

HE KNOWS.

By Mrs. MARIAN LONGFELLOW O'DONOGHUE, born at Portland, Me., 1849, niece of the poet Henry W. Longfellow. Written and published 1871.

HE knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray!
He knows!

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen.
He knows!

He knows when faint and worn we sink;
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink.
He knows!

He knows! Oh, thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this, —
He knows!

He knows! Oh, heart, take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And He will prove as gain our loss!
He knows!

I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS.

The author's favorite hymn among her own pieces. By Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, born at Astley, Worcestershire, 1836, died at Swansea, 1879. Written 1874, and published in the author's *Loyal Responses*, 1878. See her *Poetical Works*, N. Y., 1891.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee:
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

JESUS CALLS US; — O'ER THE TUMULT.

1852. By Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, wife of the Rt. Rev. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, born in County Tyrone, Ireland, 1823. As a writer of hymns for children she has had few equals.

JESUS calls us; — o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;" —

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake, —
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us, — from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

Jesus calls us; — by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

"For them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." — Ps. cvii. 23. One of the best of modern mariners' hymns, as "Fierce was the wild billow" is the best of the ancient hymns of this class (p. 451). By the Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D., born in New York, 1818, died in New York, 1888. First published in the *Sailors Magazine*, N. Y., April, 1871. The verses are usually reduced to three in the hymn-books.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;

Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When the Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld Thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

Though the sea be smooth and bright,
Sparkling with the stars of night,
And my ship's path be ablaze
With the light of halcyon days,
Still I know my need of Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When the darkling heavens frown
And the wrathful winds come down,
And the fierce waves, tossed on high,
Lash themselves against the sky,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST O'ER THE DEEP.

By the Rev GODFREY THRING (1861), Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, born 1823. Author of a number of fine hymns. See JULIAN, *Dict. of Hymnology*, pp. 1173, 1174.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord; we perish," was their cry:
Oh, save us in our agony!
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

REST IN THE LORD; REST WEARY HEART.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7. By the Rt. Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, author of *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, born at Islington, 1825. From his *From Year to Year*, 1883.

REST in the Lord; rest weary heart,
With sin and sorrow worn,
And conscience rankling with the smart
Of pitiless self-scorn;
Oh, counting all beside but loss,
Climb Calvary's lowly hill,
And there beneath the bleeding cross
Rest, and be still.

Rest in the Lord; what time the storm
Around thy pathway raves,
Behold His calm majestic form
Serenely walks the waves;
And hark! that tranquil voice is heard
Which winds and waves fulfil;
Oh, rest upon His changeless word;
Rest, and be still.

Rest in the Lord; although the sands
Of life are running low,
Though clinging hearts and clasping hands
May not detain thee now:
His hand is on thee; death's alarms
Can never work thee ill:
Rest on His everlasting arms;
Rest, and be still.

Rest in the Lord: no conflicts more,—
The latest labor done;
The weary strife for ever o'er,
The crown for ever won.
Beside the crystal stream, that flows
From Zion's heavenly hill,
Rest in eternal Love's repose;
Rest, and be still.

DEAR LORD AND MASTER MINE.

By THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, born at Birmingham, 1819. In his *Golden Chain of Praise*, 1869. In the preface to this volume, he says, "Hymns are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrine, or enunciations of precepts; they are utterances of the soul in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, wonder, love, and aspiration."

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see!
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee!

I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrainèd by Thy care
And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own
And ask of Thee the road.

The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ,
Make me divinely blest.

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true!
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign!

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

By the Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., pastor of the Congregational Church in Columbus, Ohio, born at Pottsgrove, Penn., 1836. One of the leading American writers of the day on subjects of practical and applied Christianity. Appeared in the *Sunday Afternoon* (of which Dr. GLADDEN was then the editor), 1879. The hymn-books give it in abridged form. The form given is the one in which the poem was originally published, and as corrected by the author for this volume.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read Thy counsels clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

"Fight the good fight, lay hold on eternal life." — 1 Tim. vi. 12. By the Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., born at St. Columb's, Londonderry, 1811; died at Guildford, 1875, in consequence of a fall from the roof of his church, which was being rebuilt. *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, 2d ed., 1866.

FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race
Through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside,
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear,
His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

On the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." By the Rev. Samuel John Stone, vicar of All Hallows, London, born in Staffordshire, 1839. First published in the author's *Lyra Fidelium*, 1866, revised in 1868, and enlarged in 1885 by the addition of three stanzas, which interrupt the progress of the thought. The form is given which the hymn originally took, as it sprang forth from the deep feeling of the writer after listening to Bishop Gray's Defence of the Catholic Faith against Bishop Colenso. The hymn was sung during the Lambeth Conference in 1888, as the processional on three solemn occasions, at Canterbury and St. Paul's Cathedrals and Westminster Abbey.

THE Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
  Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
  One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy name she blesses,
  Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
  With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish!
  Her dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
  Is with her to the end;
Though there be those that hate her,
  And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
  She ever shall prevail.

Though with a scornful wonder
  Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
  By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
  Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
  Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
  And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
  Of peace for evermore;

Till with the vision glorious
  Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
  Shall be the Church at rest.

As she on earth hath union
  With God, the Three in One,
So hath she sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won;
With all her sons and daughters,
  Who by the Master's hand
Led through the deathly waters,
  Repose in Eden-land.

O happy ones and holy!
  Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
  On high may dwell with Thee;
There past the border mountains,
  Where, in sweet vales the Bride,
With Thee, by living fountains,
  For ever shall abide.[1]

Yet she on earth hath union
  With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won:

[1] The last two verses are combined and changed in the revised form of 1868, and form the additional verse which follows.

Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

COME YE YOURSELVES APART.

By the Rt. Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, Bishop of Exeter, in *From Year to Year*, 1883.

COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way, and sink:
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and of His rest in heaven.

SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

By the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, born at Mendham, New Jersey, 1818. The author gives me (May, 1895) the history of the hymn in these words: "The first draught was made Good Friday, 1850; a fragment of two stanzas. Completed at the request of the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, for his Verses for the Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1851, while I was lodged in Magdalen College, Oxford. The whole took shape one May morning as I was walking in those beautiful grounds." His *Christian Ballads*, 1840, have gone through many editions.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

WE ARE THE LORD'S.

(*Wir sind des Herrn, wir leben oder sterben.*)

From the German of Ph. SPITTA, one of the sweetest modern hymnists, died 1859. Second series of his "Psaltery and Harp," 1843. Translated by RICHARD MASSIE, *Lyra Domestica*, 1864. The sainted author, in a letter to a friend, says: "To the Lord I consecrate my life, my love, and likewise my song. His love is the one great theme of all my hymns; to praise and exalt it worthily is the aim and longing desire of the Christian poet. He gave me song, and I give it back to Him."

WE are the Lord's, whether we live or die;
We are the Lord's, who for us all hath died;
We are the Lord's, and heirs of the Most High;
We are the Lord's, and shall the Lord's abide.

We are the Lord's, — to Him, then, let us live,
With soul and body, both with deeds and words,
While heart, and tongue, and life assurance give
Of this most precious truth: we are the Lord's!

We are the Lord's, — so shall our hearts ne'er fail,
For one bright star its steady light affords,
To cheer and guide us thro' the gloomy vale,
It is the blessed word: we are the Lord's!

We are the Lord's, who will preserve us still,
When none beside Him help to us accords;
In death's last conflict we will fear no ill,
Thy word abideth true: we are the Lord's!

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

1865. By the Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, of the Church of England, born at Exeter, 1834, well known by his writings in the department of Christian legend. As an author of hymns most widely known by his "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
  Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
  May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
  Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailor's tossing
  On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
  Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
  From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
  May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
  In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
  Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
  Whilst all ages run.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT, O WATCHMAN?

By Miss Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane. In the same strain as Sir John Bowring's "Watchman, tell us of the night" (p. 18), with this difference, that the latter refers to the first Advent, while this piece refers to the second Coming.

WHAT of the night, O watchman? is the watching nearly done?
Is there not a streak of glory from the rising of the sun?
Dost thou see no fiery chariot on the far-off mountain crest?
Doth He tarry in His coming? oh, we weary for His rest!

Look out again, O watchman! for the Lord may yet be near,
While our eyes are dim with straining, and our ears too dull to hear.
We would fain go out to meet Him, as the bird flies to its nest;
Is He coming? is He coming? We are wearying for the rest!

We have told to one another of our home above the skies,
Till our spirits fail with longing, and the tears are in our eyes.

Oh, to see the King among us in His robes of glory drest!
Is He coming, weary watchman? We are longing for the rest!

We are weary in the pleasure-paths we thought so fair at first,
We are weary of the bitter streams that cannot quench our thirst;
We are fain for sweet companionship among the happy blest, —
But He tarrieth in His coming, and we weary for the rest!

O my soul, go forth to meet Him! tell Him, though the light is dim,
That our lamps are always burning, and we wait and long for Him!
Oh, to sit beneath His shadow, all our wants and sins confest!
Blessed Jesus, art Thou coming? We are weary for the rest!

UPWARD, WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING.

By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., of the Free Church of Scotland, the most fertile of all Scotch, as well as one of the favorite hymn-writers of the century, born in Edinburgh, 1808, died there 1889. From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, third series, 1866.

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent, in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul!

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy, —
I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving; —
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
  Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him!
  With His name the city rings.

Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
  Lay we at His blessèd feet;
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
  When before His throne we meet.

HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.

By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D, Bishop of Lincoln. "An utterance," as he says, "in triumphant song of a vision of the *final* gathering of the saints." Rev. vii. 2–11. Appeared in the *The Holy Year*, 1862.

HARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number, like the stars in glory stands
Cloth'd in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepar'd the way
of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor, Evange-
list,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have
watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert singing to the Lord of all are
there.

They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd
their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus; tried they were
and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented, sawn asunder,
slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan, by the might
of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner they have
triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee, their Saviour
and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd; gladly, Lord,
with Thee they died,
And by death to Life immortal they were born and
glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in
golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and in-
finite;

Love and Peace they taste forever; and all Truth
and Knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body join'd together all the Saints forever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may forevermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRIE.

By HENRY VAUGHAN, born 1621, died 1695, author of the *Silex Scintillans*, or *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, 1650.

MY soul, there is a Countrie
— Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd centrie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure!

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

By HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury, author of a *Commentary on the Greek New Testament* (1849-1861), born in London, 1810, died at Canterbury, 1871. Appeared first in his *Year of Praise*, 1867, and in its present form in his *Life* (1872). Sung at the author's funeral.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finish'd, — all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujahs
  Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
  Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
  And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
  A thousand-fold repaid!

Oh, then what raptured greetings
  On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
  Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
  That brimm'd with tears of late, —
Orphans no longer fatherless,
  Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
  Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
  Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations, —
  Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,
  Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

HOW KNOW I THAT IT LOOMS.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—John, xiv. 3. By CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, the youngest member of a family distinguished by poetical and literary gifts, born in London, 1830, died there 1894. Many of her lyrics are unsurpassed in delicacy of emotion and purity of expression. From "Christ our All in All."

HOW know I that it looms lovely that land I have never seen,
With morning-glories and heartsease and unexampled green,
With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent air?
Some of this, not all, I know; but this is so;
Christ is there.

How know I that blessedness befalls who dwell in Paradise,
The outwearied hearts refreshing, rekindling the worn-out eyes,
All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere?
Nay, much more than this I know, for this is so;
Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, whom having not seen I love and desire to love,
O Lord Christ, who lookest on me uncomely yet still Thy dove,
Take me to Thee in Paradise, Thine own made fair;
For whatever else I know, this thing is so;
Thou art there.

A chill blank world. Yet over the utmost sea
The light of a coming day is rising to me,
No more than a paler shade of darkness as yet;
While I lift my heart, O Lord, my heart unto Thee
Who hast not forgotten me, yea, who wilt not forget.

Forget not Thy sorrowful servant, O Lord my God,
Weak as I cry, faint as I cry underneath Thy rod,
Soon to lie dumb before Thee a body devoid of breath,
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, a sod to the sod:
Forget not my life, O my Lord, forget not my death.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS WHO FROM THEIR LABORS REST.

A rare, all Christians' hymn. By the Bishop of Wakefield, WILLIAM WALSHAM How, D.D. Given here in the author's final revision. As originally published in Earl Nelson's *Hymns for Saints' Days*, etc. (1864), the first line ran "For all Thy Saints." The author informs me that "tho' I originally wrote 'their Light of light' in the second verse, I long ago altered this, the phrase being a theological phrase in the Nicene Creed, interpreted by the word 'begotten,' and so misleading and unsuitable in the hymn."

FOR all the Saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia!

Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Oh! blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the West;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way!
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —
Alleluia!

FOR ALL THY SAINTS, O LORD.

By the Rev. RICHARD MANT, Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore, born at Southampton, 1776, died at Balleymoney, Ireland, 1848. Appeared, 1837, in his *Ancient Hymns*.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learn'd from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members, fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one unmix'd communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee: —

With them the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to praise,
As in the ancient days was done,
And shall through endless days.

JESUS! WHEN MY SOUL IS PARTING.

"Jesus First and Jesus Last." By THOMAS MACKELLAR, Philadelphia, author of a volume of poems, 1839. Third edition. *Hymns and Metrical Psalms*, 1853.

JESUS! when my soul is parting
From this body frail and weak,
And the deathly dew is starting
Down this pale and wasted cheek, —
Thine, my Saviour,
Be the name I last shall speak.

Jesus! when my memory wanders
Far from loved ones at my side,
And in fitful dreaming ponders
Who are they that near me glide, —
Last, my Saviour,
Let my thoughts on Thee abide.

When the morn in all its glory
  Charms no more mine ear nor eye,
And the shadows closing o'er me
  Warn me of the time to die, —
    Last, my Saviour,
  Let me see Thee standing by.

When my feet shall pass the river,
  And upon the farther shore
I shall walk, redeem'd for ever —
  Ne'er to sin — to die no more, —
    First, Lord Jesus!
  Let me see Thee, and adore.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR.

"Crossing the Bar." By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, born 1809, died 1892. Appeared for the first time in *Demeter and Other Poems*, 1889.

SUNSET and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
    deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT!

Based on the Greek of JOSEPH THE HYMNOGRAPHER, the most voluminous of the Greek hymn-writers, died 883, by Dr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866), in *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, and entitled, "The Return Home."

SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he *could* endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm:
  No more of leaguer'd camp,
  And cry of night-alarm,
  And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had failed —
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold
  In perfect safety penn'd:
  The lion once had hold,
  And thought to make an end:
But One came by with Wounded Side
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at Home!
  O nights and days of tears,
  O longings not to roam,
  O sins, and doubts, and fears, —
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wip'd those tears away?

O happy, happy Bride!
  Thy widow'd hours are past,
  The Bridegroom at thy side,
  Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallow'd up!

CHRIST THE THEME OF SONG IN ALL AGES.

By Anson D. F. Randolph. Written for this Collection, as a finale, New York September, 1868.

OH, endless theme of never-ceasing song
And music, wakened by supremest love!
How hath it broke from feeble lips and strong,
The power divine, and matchless grace to prove:
Christ Son of God, and Christ the Son of Man,
Christ on the Cross, and Christ in kingly Reign.
So through the ages, since the song began,
With swelling hosts, the saints repeat the strain.

On hills and plains the Israelite only knew,
On classic soil, on drifting desert sand,
Where'er the Roman eagles swiftly flew,
Or roamed abroad the fierce ungoverned band;
'Mong Jew and Gentile, as in wandering horde,
Barbarian, Scythian, all, the bond or free, —
There were who watched and waited for the Lord,
And some who did His mighty wonders see.

How from the warm and ever-ruddy East,
Far to the rugged North and golden West,
The knowledge of this wondrous Christ increased,
With life and hope the dying nations blessed:

Thence saints, exultant, onward bore His sign
From land to land, and compassed every shore;
One Lord, one faith, one aim, one end divine,
Their theme and song, their life for evermore!

Since holy women bowed their heads and wept,
Where from the grave the angel rolled the stone,—
That grave where He, the Son of God, had slept
As Son of Man, in darkness and alone,—
What countless names the world's applause have won!
What notes of praise have men to these inscribed!
How soon were they forgotten, one by one,
And earth's poor honors to the dead denied!

Not mightiest kings the earth has ever seen,
Nor time, nor powers men honored or abhorred,
Could crush the memory of the Nazarene,
Or shut the saints from presence of their Lord:
In kingly courts, in prisons foul and damp,
In scenes tumultuous, as in homes of peace,
There, with His own, God's Angel would encamp,
There rise the songs that nevermore shall cease!

Thus through the years of ages long ago,
Thus in the changes of these latter days:
ONE ONLY LORD, OUR LORD, ABOVE, BELOW,
AND HE THE OBJECT OF OUR ENDLESS PRAISE:
This the same key-note of unnumbered lyres,
This, too, th' unending song of sweet accord.
O world! ye have no theme that thus inspires:
Ye still reject and crucify the Lord.

In furnace-fires, on mountains drear and cold;
  In peasant hut, as in the palace-hall,
The story of His life for ever told,
  And His dear love the burning theme of all:
From lips too weak aught human to express,
  From noble hearts that held the world at bay,
What songs have risen, and what strains confess
  The blessed ONE whom I would praise to-day!

CHRIST SON OF GOD, AND CHRIST THE SON OF MAN;
  CHRIST ON THE CROSS, AND CHRIST IN KINGLY REIGN!
So sang the saints when first the song began,
  So shall it rise a never-ending strain.
Come, Thou, and touch my lips, that I may sing;
  Come, fill my heart with love to overflow:
My Lord, my Life, I would some tribute bring,
  And tell the world how much to Thee I owe!

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